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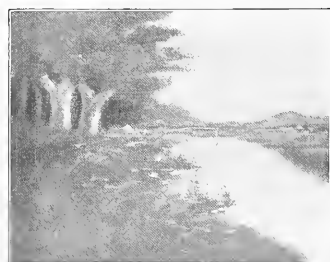
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A. Lincoln
President Elect 1860

A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT

This portrait was taken in December, 1860, shortly after Lincoln's election to the Presidency, and is pronounced by several persons who intimately knew him, to be the most correct portrait of Abraham Lincoln ever taken.

The Chicago Tribune tells this anecdote:

"Mr. Lincoln, in compliance with the request of many friends, had gone to the gallery to 'have his picture taken,' and with his hair carefully combed and brushed, had taken his seat in front of the camera, when, to the horror of the artist, he ran his long hands through his hair and tumbled it all out of shape. As he did this he remarked in his dry, humorous way: 'My friends would never know me with my hair plastered down in that style. I'll make it look natural.'"

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* LINCOLN.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
GREATENING and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road---
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.

* * * * *

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things---
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves the leaves;
The pity o' the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind---
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came
From the prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

* * * * *

He held his place---
Held the long purpose like a growing tree---
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

The Great Question

By Harold E. Ward



HAROLD E. WARD

THE QUESTION.

"Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution."—Abraham Lincoln.

The twenty-seventh day of August, 1858 is a memorable day in the annals of Freeport, Illinois, and the history of Illinois and the nation. Upon that day Stephen A. Douglas, the foremost Democrat in the country, the great leader and prophet of millions of men in their party affiliations, rode through the streets of Freeport, then but a little more than a village, to engage in forensic combat with the master mind of the nation, Abraham Lincoln. The best carriage in the town carried the renowned visitor from the station to the hotel. Seated beside him in the carriage were several of the leading Democrats of the times, sharing with him the honors of the occasion.

The American citizen is so constructed that noise acts as a stimulus to his patriotism. This occasion gave him the opportunity to indulge in his favorite pastime to his heart's content. He raised the eagle and "let her scream".

In front of the carriage bearing the "Little Giant of Illinois" marched the inevitable brass band in new and gaudy uniforms, lustily pounding and blowing the old-time airs. A noisy, cheering crowd howled itself hoarse even at the sight of the distinguished visitor. Douglas stood erect. His abbreviated, stalky body was firmly planted upon his short legs. His round, handsome face was wreathed in proud smiles as he bowed to the right and to the left in acknowledgement of this splendid ovation. In imitation of their elders, groups of boys followed the carriage, shouting their enthusiasm in true American style, seeking every opportunity to catch a glimpse of the great and best-known man in the West, the fearless champion and leader of the great Democratic party and the idol of his followers.

Scarcely had Mr. Douglas and his retinue passed when a second procession followed close upon the heels of the other. The cheering, which had somewhat subsided, arose with renewed vigor. But it was noticed that the cheering was all done by another set of men. The people knew who was coming and craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the men who had the temerity to meet the eloquent Douglas in debate. Douglas already had won national fame,

while Lincoln had yet much of his prowess to win. The Democrats, under the influence of partisan politics and party bias, turned their heads away and laughed almost in derision at the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln. But like those of old, they knew not what they did.

Not to be outdone, the Republicans had secured a conveyance to carry their leader to the place of debate. A long, narrow wagon, drawn by six horses, was utilized for the purpose because it was quaintly unique and savored of the pioneer days of the state. It had been used many years before by some hardy plainsman in making his long, overland journey from his eastern home to the prairie state. The wheels and sides of the vehicle had been decorated with flags and bunting. Astride the wheel horse sat the driver, cracking his long whip and lustily yelling at his sturdy steeds, urging them into place by a single line and the "gee and haw" system. In this quaint and rustic vehicle stood Abraham Lincoln, the man to whom the world would turn in a few years as the purist and noblest type of American manhood. No fawning smile found a place upon that homely face. The occasion was too serious for levity. The fate and destiny of the nation were in the balance and the mind and heart of the prophetic Lincoln were strangely oppressed by the clouds of national disruption already thickly gathering upon our country's horizon. How much he felt, we know not—how great were his sufferings at the sight of his beloved country poisoned in every part by the hideous malady—slavery—we have no means of ascertaining. But that sad, far-away look, ever present, revealed that in his

soul and consciousness Abraham Lincoln, with the wisdom of a seer, saw and knew and therefore mourned. And upon this day, now a history making hour, he would prepare to strike the death blow to slavery.

As he rode along he acknowledged the spontaneous plaudits of the people with grave bows. His clothing hung upon his gaunt frame like the rags upon a scarecrow. His long linen duster, common in those days, was a trifle dusty; his tall, ill-shaped "stovepipe" hat was soiled and his trousers bagged at the knees.

Between these two central figures of the day's doings the contrast was remarkable. Lincoln, tall and ungainly; Douglas, short, almost to stubbiness, yet, like a lay figure in a clothing store, well formed and attractive.

Such were the men who were to meet that day upon the same platform to discuss questions affecting the very life of the nation—to prepare their hearers and the country to study intelligently and wisely their country's history. Had the brilliant and versatile Douglas been able to peer but a few hours into the future that smiling confidence and ease of mind would have been conspicuous by their absence. Prophetic vision and knowledge would have told him that upon the twenty-seventh day of August, 1858, in the little city of Freeport, Abraham Lincoln, the railsplitter of Illinois, would propound to him that momentous question upon state sovereignty whose answer would clutch from his eager grasp the presidency of the United States while it prepared the questioner himself to an immortality of fame.



President Roosevelt Dedication the Monument to the Lincoln-Douglas Debate, June 3, 1903.

As the debate had been extensively advertised, ere the sun had scarcely risen, the people began to gather from far and near. In those days big gatherings were of rare occurrence and the people took advantage of such opportunities. Many farmers combined business with the other duties of the day and the stores were filled with hurrying crowds to do their trading before the "big show" opened. As early as nine o'clock nearly every street corner was crowded with noisy groups of men engaged in the chief business of the day—arguing politics—or discussing the merits or demerits of the two debaters. Each combatant as well as the political principles he advocated, was championed and upheld by zealous adherents and the wordy battles waxed long and loud. Bands paraded the streets or laid siege on the old Brewster House and blared the popular music of the times in a wasteful expenditure of noise. A strong northwest wind, raw and chilly, did not even dampen the ardor of the multitudes, but only helped to increase the enthusiasm.

Fully twenty thousand people were in Freeport that day. From the railroad station, a distance of over half a mile, on Stephenson street to the Brewster House, the people were packed into a solid mass. County delegations of marching clubs fell in behind the larger ones from near-by towns as the procession wended its noisy way to the hotel. Borne high over the heads of the crowd were banners bearing the various legends devoted to the rival candidates and their respective principles. "Another County for the Railsplitter", "Douglas, the David of the Democrats", "Abraham, the Giant Killer", "What's the Matter With the Little Giant?" etc., voiced the political affiliations of the people and they yelled themselves hoarse as their favorite motto appeared.

Early in the morning the Jo Daviess county Republican delegation arrived, headed by the Galena Lincoln club. Wagons loaded with fence rails—a tribute to the railsplitter—were driven through the streets. Farmer boys riding their best horses, suitably decorated with little flags, shouted good-natured raillery at their political enemies, while old-fashioned carry-alls, filled with men and women, bearing banners with inscriptions of admiration or contempt—made the day a strenuous one and long to be remembered by the participants.

In a large wagon drawn by six prancing horses, were thirty-two maidens gaily decked in red and white sashes draped over the shoulders, and blue liberty caps. Each maiden represented a state of the union. Borne in the center of the float, high over the heads of the occupants, was a huge banner bearing the words: "We are All for Abraham in 1860". Directly following this galaxy of beauty came another maiden, beautiful even in her shackles and sorrow—poor, stricken Kansas, crushed and bleeding. Upon the banner above her was inscribed her voiceless cry—"Let Me Free". A nation's crime, a nation's shame, a nation's tears were remembered by the populace as she passed slowly by. The determination to heed

that cry for succor was made manifest by the hearty cheers which greeted the float as it passed along.

The girls, bedecked in their Sunday clothes, stood under the trees or along the streets, hand in hand or arm in arm with their rustic escorts who seemed much depressed under the weight of their "store clothes", standup collars and the novelty of the situation. All was merry as "a marriage bell" save where an occasional dispute was emphasized by blow, taxing the skill and vigilance of the village marshal and his assistants to the utmost.

Every brass band from far and near seemed to have been hired for the occasion. Headed by tail drum majors, resplendent in gaudy uniforms and tall shakos, they paraded the streets, everywhere greeted in noisy acclaim and welcome.

The arrival of the Rockford delegation, fourteen hundred strong, was loudly cheered, and the visitors from the neighboring city were given the freedom of the town. A special train of sixteen coaches was required to carry the huge delegation. Headed by a band from the "Forest City", the delegation marched to the place of meeting. Preceding the band as it marched up the street, came a man whose identity has long since been forgotten, but whose extreme height made him conspicuous, carrying another banner. Upon this was printed in huge letters, "Winnebago County for the Tall Sucker". As they reached the Brewster House glad shouts went up from hundreds of throats as the marchers first saw their leader—Lincoln—standing, hat in hand, ready to welcome his friends from the leading county in Northern Illinois outside of Cook.

* * * *

The debate was held in a small grove about two blocks north of the Brewster House. It was then a sort of village green frequented by the young men in their games and where all the picnics in that part of the country were held. But the growing city needed that plot of ground and the trees have since been cut down to make room for dwelling houses. Many of the first houses are yet standing, but today nothing marks the spot where one of the greatest struggles in modern politics took place save a huge boulder erected by the Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois. The Sanford and Zartman Lumber company now occupies the greater part of the premises.

A large platform of rough planks had been erected upon barrels and stumps for the speakers, a few of their friends and the ubiquitous reporter.

Two hours before the debate opened the grove was filled with an expectant and good-natured crowd. All were intensely eager to hear the speakers and but few failed to realize the serious importance of the subjects to be discussed and the bearing the debate would have upon state as well as national politics. Not dead, but intensely live topics were discussed and in this struggle of brains there were no neutrals; each man and woman was arrayed upon one side or the other.

When the debaters ascended the platform a solid sea of faces greeted them. Old settlers who witnessed the proceedings estimate that fully sixteen thousand people were present aside from those who, unable to come within hearing distance of the speakers' voices, returned to the streets of the town. Mothers, tired after a long ride over rough country roads, tried in vain to quiet their crying babies that they might hear the two men of whom they had heard so much. The same as today, the small boy was everywhere present with his noise and love of fun, unmindful of the reproofs of his elders.

With at least an attempt at military precision the bands and organized delegations took their places in front near the platform. There was music galore. A good natured rivalry filled the air with a curious mixture of sounds. "Hail Columbia" was very popular while the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" brought forth repeated cheers and applause. Regardless of the mottoes inscribed upon their banners the people were loyal Americans to a man and greeted the old flag with heartfelt enthusiasm and shouts of applause.

Soon, however, the bands were "at ease" and the musicians were free to hunt up their girls who had been patiently waiting for them. They, like the maidens of today, loved a uniform and were proud to be seen in the company of him who wore one. But three years later when these same boys, now soldiers, marched away to the front, cheered by the tunes of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or "Yankee Doodle", the man and soldier and not the gaudy uniform, became their chief concern. The girls, now grown to womanhood, were sending away husbands, brothers and sweethearts. They knew not that on that August day the words uttered were a premonition of the coming conflict—the greatest and bloodiest civil war that the world has ever known and, pray God ever will know.

History tells us but little as to the causes which led up to the series of joint debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. The biographers of Lincoln, however, of late years, are making much of this particular debate held in Freeport and of the causes which led up to it. In their story of Abraham Lincoln, Hon. John Hay and Hon. John G. Nicolay give the early history of the political questions leading up to the debate as follows:

" * * * In this local contest in Illinois, the choice of candidates on both sides was determined long beforehand by a popular feeling, stronger and more unerring than ordinary individual or caucus intrigues. Douglas, as author of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, as a formidable presidential aspirant and now again as leader of the anti-Locomotion Democrats, could, of course, have no rival in his party for his own senatorial seat. Lincoln, who had in 1854 gracefully yielded his justly won senatorial honors to Trumbull, and who alone bearded Douglas in his own state throughout the whole anti-Nebraska struggle with anything like a show of political cour-

age and intellectual strength, was as inevitably the leader and choice of the Republicans. Their state convention met in Springfield on the 16th of June, 1858, and after its ordinary routine work, passed with acclamation a separate resolution which declared 'that Abraham Lincoln is the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas'. The proceedings of the convention had consumed the afternoon and an adjournment was taken. At eight o'clock that same evening, the convention having re-assembled in the state house, Lincoln appeared before it and made what was perhaps the most carefully prepared speech of his whole life. Every word of it was written, every sentence had been tested; but the speaker delivered it without manuscript or notes. It was not an ordinary oration, but, in the main, an argument as sententious and axiomatic as if made to a bench of jurists. Its opening sentence contained a political prophecy which not only became the ground work of the campaign, but heralded one of the world's greatest historical events. He said: 'If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has considerably augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South.' "

"Then followed his demonstration, through the incidents of the Nebraska legislation, the Dred Scott decision and present political theories and issues which, by and by, would find embodiment in new laws and future legal doctrines. The repeal of the Missouri compromise, the language of the Nebraska bill, which declared slavery 'subject to the constitution,' the Dred Scott decision which declared that 'subject to the constitution' neither congress nor a territorial legislature could exclude slavery from a territory—the argument presented point by point and step by step, with legal precision the silent subversion of cherished principles of liberty. 'Put this and that together,' said he, 'and we may have another nice little niche which we may see ere long filled with another Supreme court decision, declaring that the constitution of the United States does not permit a state to exclude slavery from its limits. * * * Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being

alike lawful in all states. * * * 'We shall lie down,' continued the orator, 'pleasantly dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their state free; and we shall awake to the reality instead, that the Supreme court has made Illinois a slave state'."

"* * * Lincoln's declaration that the cause of slavery restriction 'must be entrusted to its own undoubted friends' had something more than a general meaning. We have seen that while Douglas avowed he did not care 'whether slavery was voted down or voted up' in the territories, he had opposed the Lecompton constitution on the ground of its non-submission to popular vote and that this opposition caused the Buchanan Democrats to treat him as an apostate. Many earnest Republicans were moved to strong sympathy for Douglas in this attitude, partly for his help in defeating the Lecompton iniquity, partly because they believed his action in this particular a prelude to further political repentance, partly out of that chivalric generosity of human nature which sides with the weak against the strong. * * * Rival politicians of Illinois were suspicious of each other and did not hesitate to communicate their suspicions to Lincoln. * * * While many alleged defections were soon disproved by the ready and loyal avowals of his friends in Illinois and elsewhere, there came to him a serious disappointment from a quarter whence he little expected it. Early in the canvas Lincoln began to hear that Crittenden of Kentucky, favored the re-election of Douglas and had promised to advise the Whigs of Illinois by a public letter.

"* * * Lincoln in nowise underrated the severity of the political contest in which he was about to engage. He knew his opponent's strong points as well as his weak ones—his energy, his adroitness, the blind devotion of his followers, his greater political fame. 'Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown', he said. 'All the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly at no distant day to be the president of the United States. * * * On the contrary nobody has ever expected me to be president. In my poor, lank face nobody has ever seen any cabbages that were sprouting out. These are disadvantages that the Republicans are fighting under. We have to fight this battle upon principle and principle alone'."

"* * * The rush of the campaign was substituting excitement for inquiry; blare of brass bands and smoke of gunpowder for intelligent criticism. The fame and prestige of the Little Giant was beginning to incline the vibrating scale. Lincoln and his intimate political advisers were not slow to note the signs of danger and the remedy devised threw upon him the burden of a new responsibility. It was decided in the councils of the Republican leaders that Lincoln should challenge Douglas in joint public debate."

Lincoln sent his challenge to Douglas on July 24. Mr. Douglas, being the challenged party, had the

choice of places, 'practically, and proposed that they meet in Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy and Alton. He also proposed that each speaker alternately open and close the discussion. Douglas was to speak for one hour at Ottawa, and Lincoln was to reply for one hour and a half, while Douglas closed with half an hour's talk. Lincoln was to open at Freeport in an hour's talk and to close with half an hour's talk. This was to be kept up alternately in all of the towns visited. Lincoln accepted Douglas' agreement on July 31st, but made a slight objection to the terms which, he said, gave Douglas the best of the bargain with four openings and closings to Lincoln's three. Both speakers made other appointments for the dates between the debates.

* * * * *

As the two men mounted the platform at Freeport those who attended could see that this debate was not only to be a battle of words, but a battle of wits. Both men seemed like athletic giants trained and skilled in every essential of the fistic art. But the battle was to be fought with other weapons. Wit, sarcasm and logic flowed like an endless torrent from the lips of these two leaders of men. It was verily a battle of the giants.

The advisers of Lincoln knew that he intended asking Douglas the question on state sovereignty given at the head of this article. This, Lincoln deemed, was the real and vital issue of the day. His purpose was to put Douglas on the records, once and for all time, upon this momentous question which so much engrossed the attention of all thinking people. And it may be that Lincoln believed that in the end it would be Douglas' undoing and planned accordingly.

On his way to Freeport, Lincoln stopped at Mendota, Illinois, a few hours for a rest. Here he met many party leaders on their way to the debate. An impromptu caucus was held in Lincoln's room. So great was their concern for their leader and the result of the coming debate that they invaded his privacy, disturbing his sleep that they might assist, advise and caution him. Lincoln arose and met his friends. He read them the list of questions he proposed asking his opponent. Fearful of the effect of the leading question he intended asking, they strenuously advised him to withhold it. Lincoln had determined that Douglas must show his hand. Evasion and subterfuge must be crushed and Douglas must be forced to stand in his true light before the nation.

"If you ask him that question," his friends cried, "you will never be senator". In his quaint, blunt way Lincoln replied: "I am killing larger game. If Stephen A. Douglas answers my question, he may be senator, but he can never be president and the battle of two years hence is worth a hundred of this."

Like the skilled general, he formulated his plans in his own mind and then, with a determination springing from a consciousness convinced of right, he carried them into effect.

Douglas was a man of great power. In his ability to draw people to him he was almost a hypnotist.

Skilled in all the strategy and power of debate, American politics has never produced his equal. Slippery as an eel, he could escape his opponent's grasp and would appear affable and smiling, ready for the next encounter. His power of oratory was remarkable; his sarcasm was biting and withering. He was combative yet patronizing; aggressive yet affable; humble yet arrogant as Lucifer.

But in Abraham Lincoln was to be found a man whose power sprang from other and greater sources. His life and temperament were as pure and gentle as the whisperings of love. His chief weapon was "direct, unswerving logic" which won for him the co-operation and support of thinking men and women. To illustrate a point in an argument he used his unique power of telling a story with remarkable effect. His power of penetration and analysis enabled him to anticipate the thoughts of his opponents and tear them to shreds ere they were uttered. Douglas was an adept in verbal gymnastics, but Lincoln's keen penetration tore the gilding from his elegant phraseology and revealed the true animus of the man. He was probably the superior of Lincoln in his manner of statement, but he closely followed stereotyped methods. Lincoln was original in his aptness of phrase and definition. Therefore it was difficult for his opponent to anticipate him in argument.

* * * *

Lincoln was first to speak. He first referred to Douglas' previous speech at Ottawa. "I do him no injustice," said he, "when I say that one-half of his speech at least was devoted to dealing with me as though I had not answered his interrogatories. I now propose that I will answer any of his interrogatories upon condition that he will answer questions from me not exceeding the same number. I give him the opportunity to respond. The Judge remains silent. I now and here say that I will answer his questions whether he answers mine or not. After I have done so I shall propound my questions to him.

Lincoln read his answers to the questions which had been asked him at Ottawa. In return he propounded four questions to Judge Douglas, the second of which is as follows: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

In order that the reader may comprehend the full import of this question, his attention is again called to Hay and Nicolay's history. The writers say: "The reader must recall the fact that the popular sovereignty of the Nebraska bill was couched in vague language and qualified with the proviso that it was 'subject to the constitution'. The caucus which framed this phraseology agreed as a compromise between the Northern and Southern Democrats that the courts should interpret and define the constitutional limitations by which all should abide. The Dred Scott decision declared in terms that congress could not prohibit slavery in territories nor authorize a territorial

legislature to do so. The Dred Scott decision had thus annihilated 'popular sovereignty'. Would Douglas admit his blunder in law and his error in statesmanship?"

The question had come up at Springfield in 1857 and Judge Douglas had partly evaded the issue. But circumstances had changed since the year before. His term as senator was nearing its close and he naturally hoped for re-election. But he must look to a constituency about equally divided; if a difference existed that difference was hostile to him. The Buchanan administration was against him. The people of Kansas, to whom he had pledged his word that they would be permitted to regulate the internal affairs of their territory themselves, would permit no evasion this time. They would tolerate no dodging, but he must look the main issue in the face. There was but one answer for him and that was "yes", but he "could conjure up no justification of such an answer except the hollow subterfuge he had invented the year previous". This Lincoln had foreseen with the shrewd instinct of the keen politician.

But Douglas rose to the occasion. When he reached Lincoln's second question, after quoting it in full, he said:

"I answer emphatically, as Mr. Lincoln has heard me answer a hundred times from every stump in Illinois, that in my opinion the people of a territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a state constitution. Mr. Lincoln knew that I had answered that question over and over again, he heard me argue the Nebraska bill on that principle all over the state in 1854 and 1855 and in 1856 and he has no excuse for pretending to be in doubt as to my position on that question. It matters not what way the Supreme court may decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reasons that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour, anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. These regulations can only be established by the local legislature and if the people are opposed to slavery they will elect representatives to that body who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its extension. Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme court on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a slave territory of a free territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska bill. I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point."

Having answered the question to his own satisfaction, the Judge continued his speech. He discussed the issues of the day with great earnestness and clearness, striving to convince his political opponents of the correctness of his views upon many of the political issues then absorbing the interest of the people.

In the midst of an impassioned speech, we shall be charitable enough to think at least that the better judgment of Mr. Douglas was carried away by his impulsive ardor, suddenly, like a thunderbolt from an unclouded sky in alluding to the party championed by Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas used the words "Black Republicans". The people were at first surprised that the speaker would descend to calling those who disagreed with him, opprobrious names, but this soon gave way to a storm of indignation. What followed is best described by Mr. D. C. Busell, one of the leading citizens of the state and a prominent banker of Milledgeville, Illinois. Mr. Busell, referring to the matter, in a letter to the writer, says:

"There is only one item that I can remember that does not appear in the published accounts that I have seen. Judge Douglas, in his reply to Lincoln, used the term 'Black Republican'. The crowd was largely Republican and was very indignant at the use of this epithet. We at once shouted 'White, White, White'—six or eight thousand of us probably—drowning the Judge out completely. Resuming, in a few minutes he again used the obnoxious epithet. We again shouted 'White, White, White', completely drowning him out again. This was done a third time when he became very angry. Lowering his very heavy underjaw, he said:

"I've faced your mobs before. No Democrat interrupted Mr. Lincoln while he was speaking. I demand fair play at your hands."

"This seemed to quiet us, as the hypnotic power of Douglas over a crowd was marvelous. Lincoln, in answering Douglas, said: 'The Judge complains of the treatment he received from the Republicans of this audience. I have only this to say in reply. *When I don't want the crowd to insult me, I never insult the crowd.* As this was really a personal matter, I presume it was left out of the published accounts by mutual consent."

As he stated, Mr. Busell's account was omitted from the published accounts at the time, probably by mutual consent. Notwithstanding this, the obnoxious language and the scenes which followed are remembered by many of the older residents who heard the debate. Without any further incident the speeches continued to the close. In the several debates that followed in different parts of the state, the issues of the day were brought home to the people and many thousands listened to them. But the second question asked by Lincoln at Freeport and Judge Douglas' answer forms the pivotal point of the entire series. That second question alone has made the debates famous in history and prepared the way to incorporate into the fundamental law of our land an amendment removing slavery from American soil.

Appleton's cyclopedia of American biography says of the memorable question: "By his reply intimating that slavery might be excluded by unfriendly territorial legislation, Douglas gained a momentary advantage in the anti-slavery region in which he

spoke, but dealt a fatal blow to his popularity in the South, the result of which was seen two years afterward at the Charleston convention".

Douglas' reply made him senator from Illinois, but killed his prestige with the South and therefore lost him the presidency. In opposition to this, while it defeated Abraham Lincoln for the senatorship, it elected him president of the United States in 1860.

Lincoln's election and the fear that he would interfere with the institution of slavery, real or pretended, were but some of the steps that led the nation on the way to the inevitable conflict—the greatest civil war of modern times. Another result of this memorable debate in the city of Freeport, unforeseen possibly by Lincoln himself, was striking the shackles from four millions of slaves, thus removing the stupendous lie separating the American constitution and American practice.

The question of state sovereignty, that corroding cancer lying near the very heart of the nation and threatening for many years to destroy its life, was forever removed from the body politic. This was one of the beneficent results arising from the battlefields of the civil war.

* * * *

Douglas' death antedated that of Lincoln about four years, but he lived long enough to show his unswerving loyalty to the American union, one and inseparable. Standing by the side of Abraham Lincoln, his former antagonist, now president of the United States, he lent him his powerful support. When almost upon his dying bed he dictated a letter to all patriotic men to "Sustain the Union, the constitution, the government and the flag against all assailants". The name of Stephen A. Douglas is enshrined in revered remembrance in the hearts of the American people. His is one of the names that makes us proud today that we are Americans—one of the names not born to die. The little monument erected at the corner of Douglas avenue and Mechanic street in Freeport, Illinois, will crumble into dust, but the event it commemorates will live upon the pages of American history forever.

And what shall we say of Lincoln, the towering figure, the chief exponent of patriotism, the mighty leader of the nation's defenders in the terrible strife which filled millions of graves and peopled the land with widows and orphans? For four long years the hope and prayer of a people struggling for national life and the foremost man of all the world! His pictures and monuments in countless numbers adorn the walls and parks in every part of our land. But the monument that commemorates his name and life work to all the world is the nation he saved from disruption. As long as men love home and freedom, as long as men cherish country and revere God, so long shall the name of Abraham Lincoln, the wise counsellor and mighty leader, be known and honored among men.

Congressman Hitt.

A THUMBNAIL SKETCH. BY HAROLD E. WARD

"What makes 'Bob' Hitt so popular?" I asked one of his friends the other day.

"Courtesy," he answered, briefly.

That little word, "Courtesy," covers a great deal of Congressman Robert R. Hitt's success in life. Of course Robert R. Hitt stands head and shoulders above the majority of the members of the house of representatives as a public official, diplomat and statesman, but, as one of his constituents once said, "That doesn't hurt him a bit, for he's a gentleman, every inch of him".

Robert R. Hitt has been a member of congress for many years. Before he was elected to congress he was a newspaper man. Before he was a newspaper man he was a stenographer. He has been a leading figure in politics in this country for years. Politics makes enemies; yet the man does not live who can say that Robert R. Hitt was ever discourteous in his life.

In his own district, "Bob" Hitt, as he is called, has a speaking acquaintance with almost every man, woman and child. There is an old saying that when a public man is nicknamed by his constituents, he is popular. Robert R. Hitt is known throughout his district as "Bob". Many people hardly know that he has a last name.

"Bob" Hitt is never too busy to help one of his constituents—or anyone else, for that matter. He is one of the hardest workers in congress, yet he can always stop to look up something for one of his friends. To illustrate: A few months ago the writer was at work on an article to be found in another part of the Advocate. I knew that Robert R. Hitt had reported the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Freeport and that he was an authority on the subject if anyone was. I hardly knew Mr. Hitt, but with the nerve possessed by all newspaper men, I wrote to him for information. Now, I knew that he was a busy, busy man

DID YOU
NOTICE OUR

"COMPLIMENTARY
SUGGESTION?"

SEE INSIDE
COVER PAGE.

and I expected that he would dictate a few lines to his secretary and cut me off at that. The average public official would. But that isn't "Bob" Hitt's way. Within a few days I received a bulky letter from Mr. Hitt, written in his own unmistakable scrawl and giving me the data I had asked for, but also telling me where I could find other people who, as he modestly said, could tell more than he could. It was a small act of courtesy, but one that will never be forgotten. It shows how "Bob" Hitt takes care of the little things.

A few months ago I was talking to a captain of the Illinois National Guard who commands a company in Hitt's district. Mr. Hitt dropped into the office of this captain one day, and during the short conversation, spoke about military literature. The captain informed him that his company was short on literature, but long on enthusiasm. Their talk was interrupted by politicians who claimed Mr. Hitt's time, and the matter was soon forgotten by the militiaman. Weeks afterwards it was brought back to him by a postal notice informing him that there was something like a hundred pounds of mail for him at the post office. It was all literature, sent out by Mr. Hitt, relating to military matters. How such a busy man could remember that talk, when there was so many other and bigger things to claim his attention is an enigma to the captain, but to this day, every boy who wears the blue in that company swears by "Bob" Hitt. A small act of courtesy, one might say, but how those militia boys do yell at the mention of Robert R. Hitt's name.

Hitt never forgets a face or a name, they say. Down at Mt. Morris, Illinois, where he lives, they claim that he even knows the names of the babies and the dogs. How true this may be, I can't say, but it is a fact that "Bob" Hitt is the most popular man in his congressional district.

A GIRL'S EXPERIENCE WITH FOREST FIRES IN THE SIERRAS.

Cota Bartholomew.

Way up in the heart of the high Sierras lies that gem of nature, Yosemite, with its carpet of innumerable beautiful blossoms and grasses and mighty trees, which from the precipitous walls, look like so many waving ferns. Surrounding this gem, as if to protect it from the avarice of man, are those noble granite walls, so foreboding, so awe-inspiring and so precipitous as to almost defy the art of man in scaling—perpendicular blocks of granite thousands of feet high, again enclosed by those lofty, solemn snow-capped peaks, extending as far as the eye can reach.

This valley, so feminine in its beauty, was our destination when we left Merced, California, one hot day in July, a two days' journey by stage and a distance of some ninety odd miles. Our party consisted of eight passengers and the guide; and the stage, a commodious affair, was drawn by four slick horses that trotted out of Merced along a smooth, hard road, through the famous San Joaquin Valley toward the

foot hills. The day was excessively hot—the hot, dry wind struck our faces as if coming straight from a blast furnace, and upon inquiring at the first watering station, the temperature, we were told, was 114 degrees in the shade. Stretching away many miles ahead of us, we could see our road until late in the afternoon when we came into the low foot hills, from where we steadily climbed for several hours. Just after nightfall we had gained the summit from where we were to descend into a small, but exquisitely beautiful valley, for the night's resting place. With a fresh change of horses, two beautiful whites on the off side and two blacks on the in, we began the descent, not by applying the brakes and cautiously crawling down the steep mountain sides and carefully rounding the short, sharp, curves; but with loose brakes we tore down the narrow mountain passes, around the sharp curves and steep inclines, as fast as the four horses could gallop, urged on by the snap of the long "black-snake" whip. So exhilarating was the ride through those noble pine covered mountains, along deep, black chasms, in the very heart of the night, and at such a speed that we were compelled to cling to the sides of the stage to keep from being flung from our seats, and with never a thought of danger that we fairly screamed with sheer delight. But Coulterville, our night's resting place, was at last reached; but by six in the morning we were again all aboard for Yosemite. We noticed with some little feeling of anxiety, that several axes were added to our baggage, but no explanation was offered, so none was asked.

So far our trip had been uneventful, save for the beautiful scenes which constantly unfolded before us, but along about eight o'clock that morning we came in sight of the forest fires and we knew that there was much in store for us before the close of the day, and also explained the meaning of the axes in our baggage and the excessive heat of the previous day.

Suddenly, on all sides of us, we could hardly tell how, we seemed enclosed by a mighty roaring furnace, dense smoke and livid flames. Great pitch-covered pines that had withstood the storm's blast for years, blazed up, flickered, and fell like so many straws before the flames, and we could hear the death shriek of some small animal surrounded in its lair. Further progress was now impossible and we were compelled to revert to the woodsman's trick of back-burning the region immediately surrounding us. Just ahead of us was a defile in the mountain side around which our road wound, but which was now enveloped in flames and smoke. As we stood watching and waiting for the fire to burn itself out, a huge pine tree, coated with pitch, caught fire, blazed up to its apex in an instant, and with a mighty roar the flames, driven by the wind, made a clear leap of over forty feet, almost directly over our heads, and with the roar of a freed beast, tore up the mountain side above us. In a few moments the fire below and in front of us had burned itself out and we could proceed with caution. It would perhaps be well to make some little explanation

of how a forest fire burns. Fire, as we all know, creates a very strong draft which carries the flames along at a fearful rate. Because of this wind the fires burn comparatively small areas at a time, perhaps a hundred feet square and then make long leaps, leaving a small area untouched and perfectly green, intervening, however, these fires spread in different directions. As the trees are covered with pitch and the thick bed of needles pitch-soaked and the underbrush amounting almost to nil, the fires burn with incredible rapidity, although very large trunks of trees will burn for days afterwards. To the fact that the fires burn thus in sections, we perhaps owe our lives. As we proceeded the smoke became denser and more suffocating and the flames hotter, but it was now too late to turn back, for great trees had already fallen across our way, so we again halted. Imagine, if you can, our position: before us so dense smoke that we could not see fifty feet ahead; to our left and back of us tall burning trees that seemed to sway with every gust of wind and threaten us sure destruction. Below us a deep gorge up which the flames were making their way so rapidly that we were compelled to beat back the flames from our stage. Evidently we could not long remain here. For an instant the smoke lifted and our experienced guide declared there was an unburned portion several feet ahead of us where we would be safe could we cross the intervening space. One of our party volunteered to take the risk and investigate and at his "hello" we were to follow. After that seemed to us an eternity, an indistinct "hello" came to us. Fearful lest the top of the stage draw the flames in upon us, a risk which our guide did not care to take, at his suggestion, we got off the stage, gathered our clothing tight about us, tied on our hats and with handkerchiefs covering our mouths and nostrils, and with the admonition to be careful of falling trees, we ran with our utmost speed, through the dense smoke and scorching flames, finally reaching a place of safety some distance beyond. We were a sorry-looking, half-suffocated crowd with our smoke-stained cheeks and weeping eyes, and now smiling and relieved faces, since all immediate danger was passed. After we were safely over, our guide, with his brave horses, came tearing through like mad things. Three times we were compelled to face almost identical situations and run through fire and smoke to save our lives.

Late in the afternoon, however, by persistent effort, we outstripped the fire and by night fall had left the fires behind us many miles, although the dense, heavy smoke hung over us like a thick veil. Travel over the road which we had just come was suspended for three days, while companies of soldiers fought the flames and dragged from the road the fallen trees, and upon our return, a week later, great trunks of trees were still burning.

Late that night we reached Yosemite, and it was a tired, grimy company—though joyous of its experience—that was greeted by a huge, cheerful bonfire and many welcoming "hellos" at Camp Curry.

THE FABLE OF CROAKER, THE CROW, AND SPIKE, THE SPARROW.

By Mott R. Sawyers.

Croaker, the Crow, and Spike, the Sparrow, were both infidels. They were of that type of infidels known as agnostics. Croaker was an infidel long before Spike was. In fact Spike was led on by the influence of Croaker, for in former days Croaker was a great man in Spike's eyes. Croaker is dead now and Spike has become quite a different kind of infidel. According to Spike's idea, though he would not set himself for a judge, Croaker was a fool infidel and Spike refuses to be that kind. Croaker, according to appearances, was a shallow-minded, sharp-tongued fellow who loved to air his views. He would clamber out on a high limb, spread out his legs, puff up his chest and dilate upon the evils of religion for an hour and then wind up, saying, "May be it is true, and may be not; I don't know. One world at a time, is my doctrine. I am not going to live on skim-milk here in the hope of having cream beyond the skies." His hearers took his speeches as a license to indulge their appetites without restraint and he was accorded clamorous applause wherever he spoke. At first Spike thought his words were wonderful, but after he thought it over he ceased to applaud. Spike was not scholar enough to gainsay Croaker's arguments, but he was a practical, hard-headed fellow whom the exegencies of life had compelled to use common-sense so often that that had become a habit with him. The conflict between his admiration for Croaker's ideas and his own judgment lasted some days, but finally he reached a firm conclusion. It was this: "Why," said he, "Croaker acts as if he were a fool. He says he don't know whether religion is so or not, but he advises everybody to go on the assumption that it ain't, and he does that way himself. That's ridiculous. Now I don't know. May be it is true; may be not. Not being sure, I've got to take my chances. Which side ought a fellow to chance? Looks to me like there is only one thing to do. Religion is doing an awful lot of good in the world. But looking out for myself, suppose it ain't true, and I live it, what do I lose? I will surely get as much cream as the fellow that goes against religion. Then supposing it is true; look what I will gain. Or suppose it is true and I go against it; look what I will lose. A fellow acts like a fool to do like Croaker unless he is sure. That is no way for an agnostic. I've got to take my chances and, you bet, I am going to get on the safe side and stay there till I find out for sure that I am wrong."

So, strange as it may seem, fond reader, if you will go to a certain church, not a week's journey from where you now sit, you will find Spike, the agnostic, one of the most faithful. He reads his Bible every day; he prays earnestly. He is always found in his pew on Sunday and when money is needed, he gives it often before anyone has a chance to ask him. "You see," says he, "there is so much at stake I want to be sure I am well over on the safe side."

The Story of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Being the Fifth of a Series of Papers on Ten Great Americans.

By W. W. DAVIS.

*His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!*

—Julius Caesar.

As a pleasant pastime, Sir John Lubbock made a list of the one hundred best books, but no two scholars will agree with him, for tastes differ. However, in the roll of the world's great thinkers, Plato, Paul, Shakespeare, and the rest, two American names must always have place. One of these is Jonathan Edwards, who wrote "Freedom of the Will," and the other, Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose influence seems to widen with the centuries.

Few men entered upon their career with nobler equipment. He was the consummate flower of seven generations of ministers. Fine spirits of heroic mold. At the close of a pastorate, his father, William, wrote, "We are poor and cold, have little meal or wood, but thank God, courage enough." His aunt, Mary Moody, was a woman of vigorous mind, his congenial companion. Ralph, the second of five sons, was born in Boston, 1803, graduated at Harvard, studied theology under Dr. Channing, and in 1829 was ordained as colleague of Henry Ware in the Second church of his native city. After three years he resigned his charge and never resumed the work of the ministry. Henceforth to the end of his activity he led Hamerton's Intellectual Life, a spiritual Bohemian, cultivating a freedom and independence that gave him intense delight.

In many respects an Arcadian existence. He settled in historic Concord, whose quiet and seclusion gave ample leisure for his dreams.

Remote from towns he ran his goodly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

His first home was an early parsonage, where Hawthorne wrote "Mosses From an Old Manse," and where he himself composed his first distinctive essay, Nature, which aroused the critics. The question was asked, Who is the author of Nature? The reply was, God and Ralph Waldo Emerson. But this petty jealousy has long since disappeared. Here in this rural community, as Hamilton Wright Mabie says, Emerson found the best conditions for his work. He spoke to Nature and she responded to his call. Like Wordsworth, his study was out-doors. Summer or winter, night or day, he was abroad for celestial inspiration.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
He kept the even tenor of his way.

In the first of his three trips to Europe, Emerson called upon Carlyle, for whom he had long cherished

admiration. An epoch in both lives, as they were kindred spirits. This acquaintance, begun in 1833, continued through correspondence with joyous enthusiasm to the death of Carlyle in 1881. It was a rare example of literary friendship. It was David and Jonathan, lovely and pleasant, William and Mary Howitt, Lewes and George Elliot. The nearest parallel is "Forty Years' Familiar Letters" of John Hall and James W. Alexander, two Presbyterian divines, which appeared several years ago. Emerson kindly undertook the publication of some of Carlyle's earlier works, and forwarded the profits, giving the Scotch writer an income and reputation from his books in America which he might not have received.

When Emerson is mentioned, many people think at once of philosophy. In his day he was called a Transcendentalist, and a club of like minds, Hedge, Clarke, Parker, Brownson, met regularly at the house of George Ripley. Like Locke, for example, Emerson did not develop a logical system of thought, but uttered his conceptions as the subject or occasion required. He was a modern Hebrew prophet. In his oration, The American Scholar, Cambridge, 1837, he outlined his creed: We will speak our own minds.

* * * A nation of freemen will exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which inspires all men. Let every man seek to know the truth for himself. Again, The Over-Soul is the light guiding man, and the human soul is one with the Over-Soul. Let us tenderly cherish the intellectual and moral sensibilities, through fountains of right thought, and woo them to stay and make their home with us.

Although not a prolific author, one edition of Emerson's works has twelve volumes. Besides the familiar essays on Nature, Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude, and others, there is "Representative Men" with its critical estimates of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon and Goethe, and "English Traits," the most brilliant and accurate portraiture ever given of our Saxon cousins. Scattered all through his writings are those gems which have become household words: Hitch your wagon to a star. Never read any but famed books. Self-trust is the first secret of success. We live among gods of our own creation. Insist on yourself; never imitate. Grudge no office thou canst render. The longest wave is quickly lost in the sea. The dice of God are always loaded. Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass. He only is rich who owns the day. Our nineteenth century is the age of tools. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar. Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

If Emerson had a calling it was the lecture field. He was a literary man, a scholar, pure and simple, and ranked all his fellows. Longfellow and Holmes were professors, Whittier and Bryant were editors, Sumner and Lowell were in politics, but Waldo took the platform. The flowing utterances of the discourse appeared in the sparkling epigrams of the printed essay. Tall and slender, with brown hair and blue eye, a gracious manner and a voice of music, delighted audiences of appreciation and refinement welcomed that majestic form year after year. Regular in habit and frugal in taste. Every morning in his study, in bed at ten, no luxury but pie. Sumner was devoted to the preparation of his lectures winter to their delivery in various cities. His original ideas and notes gathered in reading were carefully jotted in a common-place book, and this in time formed the basis of his literary productions.

His soul was essentially poetic. He was sensitive to every gentle influence. He saw beauty and mystery in the pine woods, the quiet stream, the silent stars. No theme was too homely for that happy muse:

Burly, dozing humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats thro' seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!

But his finest conception is embodied in the first stanza of the hymn sung at the completion of the Concord monument, April 10th, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Just the opposite of his friend Carlyle, who was a sort of literary hermit, Emerson was the rare union of the recluse and the practical. He was a good citizen. He aimed to do his part in the affairs of everyday life. He kept up his line fences, attended town meeting, loved to meet his friends and wait on them with his own hands, took a deep interest in every tie thinker became the earnest patriot. He was in hearty sympathy with old John Brown and declared his execution would make the gallows glorious as the cross. On every occasion the noble scholar at once left his study to speak on behalf of truth and righteousness. He was poet, prophet, and preacher.

It was on Sunday, April 30, 1882, shortly before his 79th birthday, that Emerson was laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow cemetery amid the scenes he loved so dearly. Near is the mound of his little son, Waldo, and the ashes of the Emersons for three generations. Not far off sleep the Alcotts, father, mother, Louisa and three sisters. There is the tomb of Henry Thoreau, and the sunken grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne within its hedge of arbor vitae. What a spot for memory and for tears. The very genius of American literature seems to brood over the hill-top crowned

with its sturdy pines. They whisper as of old, but alas! as Mabie says, there is no longer one who understands them.

Meek sage upon whose lips and pen,
Waited such mystic, holy powers,
Though you have fled the world of men,
Your gentle spirit still is ours.

THE FABLE OF PETE, THE PEWEE.

When Pete, the Pewee, was a small bird, he was not healthy enough to be wicked, and therefore gained a great reputation for piety. His parents concluded from his flat chest and plaintive, hollow voice that the Almighty had for all eternity foreordained him to be a preacher. Accordingly he was sent off to the Theological Seminary where he was treated as a theological sausage and crammed full of formulae, dead languages, inane stupidities and stock arguments.

When Pete graduated he was well qualified to be a parlor ornament for the delectation of neurasthenic women and his friends therefore prophesied for him a brilliant career. When Pete was in the seminary his special subject of study was sociology. He could discourse on sociological subjects before a room full of short-haired women and long-haired men, until the feminine oddities would clasp their hands and roll their eyes heavenward in a vain attempt to express their admiration for his greatness. Pete was fine at Mothers' meetings. He never attended a Mothers' meeting but that he made his auditors, who were mostly old maids and childless philanthropists, fairly quake with the awful responsibility of raising other folks' children. But Pete's long suit was: "Poverty, What Causes it, and How it May be Prevented." When Pete spoke on this subject his hand consisted of a royal flush with four extra aces up his sleeve. To save his life he could not have told all he knew, and he had a marvelous flow of language, too. He had fifty-seven rules, any one of which would keep a man from becoming poor.

But really Pete was not worth shucks. He could discuss almost any theme with high-sounding and accurate phrase but he had about as much common-sense as a tad-pole, and when it came to getting anything done, he was as awkward as a woman in a carpenter shop. He borrowed money from everyone who would trust him and was always about four weeks behind with his board bill. His clothes finally became so wholly that his saintliness was apparent to all.

One day he read a fine paper on his favorite subject of the prevention of poverty and the next day he went to Ted Sparrow to borrow ten dollars to satisfy an irate creditor. Ted let him have the money, but after he thought it over he was so indignant that he turned Pete over to the Overseer of the Poor, who still has charge of him. There Pete abides, a stripping example of how not to do it.

Moral.—This fable teaches us that there is a vast difference between wind and work.

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Diet is becoming an important question. What shall we eat? How many meals a day? Shall we omit breakfast, or dinner, or supper, or take all three, according to the old method? One thing is certain. we eat too much. Doctors say so and the numerous patent medicines suggest much disease. Unless people labor hard, they do not need a large amount of food. To bolt into the helpless stomach a mass of material simply because it tastes good, is not only the height of folly, but naturally a cause of bodily trouble of every name. Except consumption, digestive disturbance is the seat of the deepest and most dangerous ailments. Eat to live. Let us take our food like philosophers.

We are slaves to fashion. An independent man or woman is a *rara avis*, a rare bird. We do things because others do them. While it is right to conform to usage in some degree, one should exercise his judgment. If a fashion is hideous or annoying, let us make a protest. If people would do that at the approach of a novel style, and refuse to follow, the style would not prevail. How women suffered thirty years from the unwieldy hoop-skirt, and yet while they groaned, they wore them. Two main rules should govern in fashion, whether in houses or dress: Is it neat? Is it comfortable. If it fails to meet either requirement, set your face against the innovation. Paris, Berlin, or New York must not control our happiness.

"All quiet on the Potomac" was the standing head line of the Dailies at one period of the war. But the great world is anything but quiet. What an unrest everywhere—Russia, Turkey, Morocco, South America—men striving against conditions that oppress. There seems to be a spirit of freedom in the air. The day of blind obedience to the powers that be, is gone. The divine right of kings is a myth. To use the old line of Sir William Jones—

—Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
 Nothing is settled until it is settled right.

The daystar of constitutional government has arisen

Better fifty years of Europe

Than a cycle of Cathay.

After Daniel Webster's death, someone remarked, "The world will be lonely without him". The passing of Dr. Harper of Chicago University, suggests a similar sadness. So scholarly, so comprehensive, so wise in management, so ambitious in purpose, so noble in character, so fruitful in achievement. Of course, his great institution will not suffer, for its foundations are too massive. Men die, and the world, like a mighty machine, moves resistlessly onward. But after all, we feel that in the removal of a grand personality there is a void that cannot be adequately filled. The magnificent university by the lake is a monument that will preserve his memory for all time.

Our charming autumnal weather, prolonged so far into the winter months, is naturally a subject of general congratulation. Not trying or severe, no fierce blasts, no beating storms, simply a long reign of genial sunshine, of pure air, of bracing breeze, scarcely any interruption to outdoor work. A boon to occupations exposed to the sky. Farmers, builders, teamsters, have been able to whistle at their tasks. If we had Devids among us, what songs of praise would arise to the Giver of All Good. No need to envy the dwellers in California or Florida, for there is a life and sweetness in this upland atmosphere that arouses the energies of the whole nature.

In The Valley of Content

Happy are the souls that linger,
 In the flowery mystic vale;
 There are pleasures never ceasing,
 There are joys that never fail.
 Birds are singing,
 Fountains springing,
 In the Valley of Content.

There are rivers clear as crystal,
 Flowing into amber seas;
 There are melodies entrancing,
 Wafted from the verdant trees.
 Fragrant flowers,
 Shady bowers,
 In the Valley of Content.

All the clouds are tipped with glory,
 Burnished by the silver moon;
 And the crimson dawn, advancing,
 Melts into the azure noon.
 Sunset glowing,
 Breezes blowing,
 In the Valley of Content.

Are you dwelling in the Valley,
 Guarded by the swelling hills?
 Do you love its mystic bowers,
 And its laughing, gushing rills?
 Leave it never,
 Live forever,
 In the Valley of Content.

In Detroit Free Press. J. ELMER FRENCH

A Yankee Quartette.

By W. W. DAVIS.

Lives of all great men remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

—*Psalm of Life.*

Israel Washburn, E. B. Washburn, C. C. Washburn,
Charles Washburn.

Maine, like Scotland, cannot raise oranges or bananas, but produces excellent men, who, after all, are the best crop. Longfellow and Tom Reed were born in Portland; Blaine, Hannibal Hamlin, and Fessenden, were senators from the lumber state; Cyrus Hamlin, the devoted missionary in Turkey, was born in Waterford; and last, but not least, is Elijah Kellogg, minister, best known as author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators", a declamation that always takes the prize at exhibitions.

Sturdy stock, the Washburns from the first. John was secretary of the Plymouth colony in England, came to this country in 1631, and settled at Duxbury, Mass. Israel Washburn was a captain in the Revolutionary war, and his grandson, the subject of our sketch, was born at Livermore, Maine, 1813. In due time, he studied law, was sent to the legislature, then to congress, and in 1861 was elected governor. In 1863 President Lincoln appointed him collector of customs at Portland, which office he held until 1877. Gov. Washburn was on the board of trustees of Tufts College, and a member of various learned societies. Several of his published addresses as well as his "Notes, Historical and Personal of Livermore," show considerable ability. He died in Philadelphia when he had almost completed his seventieth year.

By far the best known of the family was Elihu Benjamin, or E. B., who chose to write his last name with an e. After some brief experience in farming, teaching and editing, he decided to study law, and enrolled at the Harvard law school with such classmates as Richard H. Dana and William M. Evarts. In 1840, following Horace Greeley's advice, he came west to grow up with the country, and settled at Galeana, Illinois. He soon acquired a large practice and popularity and in 1852 was elected to congress, retaining his seat by repeated election to 1869. No more industrious member. He kept his conscience, and served not only his constituents, but the whole country. So closely did E. B. scan every scheme for spending public money and apposing every plan of plunder, that he became known as the "watch dog of the treasury."

General Grant was a favorite of Mr. Washburne, and it was through his steady support that Ulysses became commander of the army during the rebel-

lion. When the general became president in 1869 he appointed E. B. secretary of state, but he resigned this office to take the ministry to France, a post more to his liking. As events turned out, this position became one of remarkable influence. Louis Napoleon was overthrown, the Prussians besieged Paris, and of all the foreign ambassadors, Washburne was the only man for whom the Commune had any respect.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he.

Both Germans and French recognized his services during this new reign of terror, and Bismark, William, Thiers, and Gambetta sent him their portraits.

On Mr. Washburne's return to this country, he settled in Chicago, where he lived to his death in 1887. A public servant in the best sense of the word. Always seeking to do his duty, strong, ready, reliable, resourceful, with his excellent sense, achieving much more than some of his brilliant contemporaries.

When the old congressional district included much of northern Illinois outside of Chicago, Washburne regularly visited Sterling and Whiteside in the course of his canvass. He was a plain man, very accessible, and a forcible speaker on the popular platform. When the Galt House was opened about 1877, Mr. Washburne was an invited guest, and made a short address on the stairway.

A third brother, Cadwallader Colden Washburn, also sought his fortune in the West, and after a short stay in Iowa, permanently settled in Wisconsin. He was in congress from 1855 to 1861. On the outbreak of the civil war he raised a regiment of cavalry and took part in the siege of Vicksburg. From 1867 to 1871, Gen. Washburn was again in congress, and in 1871 was elected governor of the state. He now retired from politics, and devoted his attention to business, operating extensively in lumber, flour and railroads. A citizen of generous tastes and public spirit. He was president of the Wisconsin Historical society, founded the Washburn observatory at Madison at a cost of \$50,000, gave his country house of Edgewood to the Dominican Sisters as a girls' school and bequeathed large sums for a public library at LaCrosse and an orphan's Home in Minneapolis. Such men are an ornament to human nature.

Awake, St. John, and leave all meaner things,

To low ambition and the pride of kings.

Charles Ames Washburn is the fourth of the sprightly group. After graduating at Bowdoin, he went to Wisconsin and then to California. From 1858 to 1860 he was owner and editor of the San Francisco Daily Times. President Lincoln appointed him minister to Paraguay, which office he held from

1863 to 1868. An inventor of several machines and an author of two novels and a history of Paraguay.

There is really a fifth brother in this irrepressible family, William Drew, who was surveyor general of Minnesota, president of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and member of congress for three terms, ending in 1885.

Without haste, without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast.

SANDALWOOD.

By Helen Harcourt Wendle.

Faint, elusive, haunting, more like the memory of fragrance than like sandalwood itself, but unmistakably sandalwood; how came it in this dingy office? Was it wafted through the open window? But what passer-by would have sandalwood?

Again—and the effect of subtle perfume was more potent than wine. At its summons memories dead for years surged through the consciousness of the man at the desk. From the past came a vision, a wistful, loving girl, Sandalwood; her very garments, from long contact with oriental wares brought to the quaint old port by seafaring ancestors, had exhaled sandalwood. With vividness born of suddenly awakening thought, it all came back to him, and a fever of desire burned in the soul so lately possessed by commercialism. He must see her; what if years had elapsed? Love like hers could never change. His life had been spent in the sordid struggle with fate amid the greed and cruelty of a great city; hers had passed as serenely as their childhood; she couldn't be worn and old, for even he was yet in his prime; she was still waiting with love and trust.

Tomorrow should see him on his way East; the day after tomorrow should bring him to her door. And he would tell her all—how the early failures, the bitter disappointments had weakened his faith in himself, yes even in her. He would tell her that the long intervals between letters came because he felt it was better for her to forget; that for years he could not go back to her because he had no money to take him; that he had loved her always, though the dust and grime of his warfare with life had bedimmed in his soul all that was sweet and true, even his love. He would explain why he had never answered her last tender letter, pleading that she might come to share his poverty; she should know at last that he had carried the letter until it fell to shreds. And she would understand, forgive him, love him, come back with him to share the prosperity which he had finally wrested from the reluctant city. Tomorrow! Could he wait?

As mile after mile receded, youth returned, and he remembered the little village as if he had left it

yesterday. When he realized that his thoughts of the past were all associated with her, it only increased his feeling that he was still in the heyday of life. Every other memory was strangely blurred. He had a singular sense of isolation from his fellow passengers, but that was because he was going to her; he needed no one else. Already there seemed a channel of communication opened between them. Even in bodily presence she had never been nearer and dearer.

Doubtless there had been other June mornings like the morning which made glad the day of his return, but he had not known them. The village was unchanged, save the people who loitered through the streets. No one knew him, though many stared speculatively at the stranger who alighted from the stage at the inn door; not even a railroad had found the sleepy little town by the sea. He was glad of the stagnation, for she, too, must be the same. Then he realized with a pang how drearily time must have dragged itself away for her.

On the hill, overlooking the abandoned harbor, stood the stately old home where she had waited through the long years. He would go to her at once; he would take the short way, across lots, through the rose garden and find her at the side entrance where they had so often met and parted long ago. But the hill seemed steeper, and the way was choked with underbrush and weeds; suddenly he realized the lapse of time and a deadly numbness settled over him. Here at last was the rose garden, again hope glowed in his heart. She must have been here already, for the air was heavy, not with incense from the hearts of a thousand roses, but with the scent of sandalwood. It seemed to drift before him and lure him toward the house.

A strange stillness brooded over the place; the shutters were closed; the very house threatened him; why had he waited so long? Still the odor of sandalwood drew him, compelled him; he climbed the steps. Surely she would open the door and dispel this horror; had she not just now preceded him along the path?

With desperate haste he rang the bell; the clangor echoed through the wide halls and died away before his summons was answered. When the door swung open he saw in the dimness beyond the old servant, banks of flowers. Had she known he was coming and prepared for the bridal?

What was the old woman saying? He was too early for the funeral; what funeral? Who died two days ago?

Still the odor of sandalwood; and it led him past the bewildered old servitor, through the well-remembered rooms to the spot which they had once chosen for the marriage arch. There he found her in virgin white among her roses; but their fragrance was lost in the perfume with which through time and space she had drawn him to her side.

Behind him lay the dreary waste of neglect; before him stretched the lonely years of expiation.

Little Things Made Mighty

By Rev. H. A. Price

Little things are not to be despised. Great things turn on little hinges. Many a little insignificant experience has often been like a seed out of which something great and mighty grew. All our big institutions and mighty organizations have sprung up out of comparatively insignificant beginnings!

It was in the year 1865 at Medina, Ohio, that A. I. Root, then the head of a large manufacturing firm which made coin-silver jewelry, noticed a little incident which was like an acorn, out of which a giant oak was to grow.

It was not what he saw that amounted to much, but what he made out of the observation. Experiences are good, but what we make of them, that is really of consequence.

What Mr. Root saw, was a swarm of bees alighting directly overhead, where he and his fellow-worker were busy at their task. The strange sight caused him to ask questions concerning their habits, their care and their value. He was interested at once, because he loved nature and nature's God. His fellow-worker, however, took an interest in the affair because he saw an opportunity which could be turned into cash. He therefore asked what would be given him if he captured the swarm. Mr. Root promised a dollar, but had no fear that he and his dollar would part company. But the helper caught the bees, hived them in a rough box hastily picked up and brought them to his master to capture the reward.

Of the helper we know nothing more, but the hive became the nucleus of Mr. Root's future work and calling. Nothing, however, was farther from his thoughts, at that time. How little we know what depends upon the little affairs in life. Still less do we know of the links that bind the little things to greatness. It is true we yield to what attracts us. From that day to this Mr. Root has never ceased asking and answering questions about the little busy honey bee.

That night after he had paid his dollar he read all he could find in his home on bees. He had become hungry for knowledge in this line. The incident of the afternoon had created an appetite for all the knowledge there was about these little creatures. So in a few days we find him on his way to Cleveland, as he declared on business, but his first care was to search for all the books published on bees. As a reward for his patient search, he possessed but two books and the one by L. L. Langstroth he at once learned to treasure as his future text-book and guide, and as he says, "more than once thanked God for the work of this noted man." The book, to him, was like a fairy tale. He read it go-

ing back home that day and it was more interesting than the Arabian Nights which had been read in his boyhood days.

That same night he made an observation hive. Before winter set in he raised queen bees from worker's eggs and finally purchased a queen of Mr. Langstroth for \$20.00. This new work now said to him, "Thou shalt have no other work before me," and he obeyed the mandate. He was now beginning to learn the A B C of bee-keeping and as he had plenty of pluck he would not rest until he became master in the new field of work. So his work revealed the man as all work does.

There were many disappointments; discouragements came thick and fast; and to give up the new fad would have simplified matters, for others, but undaunted he pressed on to success. He gave discouragement no chance to clutch him and drag him beneath the wave.—An aplary was started. Honey was sold. Advice was given to others. A new business grew up. It kept on growing. He grew with it. Then he began to sell supplies to other beekeepers. All was grit that came to his mill. The business is still growing and so is he. His work as well as his words reveal his heart and character.

To-day the firm of "The A. I. Root Co." covers six acres of ground. The little seed became a "plant." The one swarm of bees a thousand! Five branch offices in different parts of the country are kept busy, besides fifteen or more large agencies who handle goods by the car load and other dealers who handle small supplies. The firm manufactures and sells everything connected with bees, from a single queen to a 20-horse-power honey extractor. Besides this Mr. Root has written several books, which are used as authority on bee keeping; an illustrated magazine of more than thirty-five pages called "Gleanings in Bee Culture" is published semi-monthly.

Mr. Root is a grand old Christian gentleman, who has made it his aim to conduct business on Christian principles. The soul of the man is mirrored in his work. We always create things in our own image. He is 64 years old now. For twenty-five years he has been writing a series of lay sermons on mixing business with religion, so working his experience into talks for others' profit. He has patented a number of useful things in his line, but they are now the property of the world at large, due to his kindness. As responsibility gravitates to man who can take it, his sons and sons-in-law today shoulder the business, while he is actively engaged in his green-houses. His leisure time is spent in writing various articles of value. Sociological

subjects are of utmost interest to him. His health is feeble and he is a great sufferer. Nevertheless, he is a regular attendant at church and prayer meeting, no matter what the condition of his health. He takes a keen interest in all missionary work and especially does he show interest in the subject of temperance. His creed is his life. His hand is always extended to help every worthy cause.

In looking over his large establishment and thinking over his past failures, and difficulties, when he paid the tuition for that which has brought him success, he at one time said: "When I look at the scenes of activity at the 'Home of the Bees' in Medina, Ohio, it seems to me as if it could not be a reality. It was only a short time ago that I was a blundering boy—yes, a boy who cried over his plans because they did not work just as he had figured out they ought to work."

What a beautiful and practical lesson this business man teaches us. The one swarm of bees, plus energy and faith were sufficient to give to the world one of the largest industries in the country.

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Mrs. Fancher's Foresight

By Helen Harcourt Wendle

"I don't believe it. It's preposterous!"

"But it's perfectly true, Jane. Jim Harrison told Mr. Arnold and Mrs. Arnold told me; and you know how long Jim Harrison has worked for Mr. Fancher," replied Mrs. Dunn.

"Without having done anything criminal, that woman has furnished material for more lively gossip than any other woman in town. It is charitable to say she is insane. She has done lots of queer things, but this—this—why, she's worse than John Ransom! He had at least the decency to wait until his mother was dead before he tried to sell her wig and false teeth." Mrs. Hilton's virtuous incredulity suddenly gave way to laughter.

For years Mrs. Richard Fancher had hovered on the outskirts of Longstead society. This uncertain social status might have been the result of either of two things, her husband's business or her own peculiarities. Tall, slender, with steely eyes that glittered uneasily beneath her pale brow and grey hair, Mrs. Fancher formed a sharp contrast with her rotund husband. Her home, though rather new, according to Longstead standards, was among the most beautiful in town; undertaking it said to be a lucrative business. She was known to have more jewels and richer lace than her neighbors, but it was commonly reported that she tried to pay her servants with old clothes and that she habitually wrangled over her laundry bills. When she entered a dry goods store every clerk immediately became too busy to ask what she wanted. No beggar had ever been known to extort even the smallest coin from her tightly closed purse. It was whispered that her reason for not connecting herself with any particular church was that by such a course she saved pew rental. Even those who most religiously discouraged gossip, and Longstead women prided themselves on freedom from this vice, could have related astonishing tales to illustrate Mrs. Fancher's well-known characteristic.

Richard Fancher, warned by failing strength that he would soon require those services which he had so long rendered to others, had sold his business. Increasing illness had forced him to leave to his wife the final settlement of affairs. Among those things which the new proprietor, in spite of Mrs. Fancher's most persuasive efforts, had refused to include in his purchase, was a quantity of old burlap. It had been Mr. Fancher's custom to save the wrappings in which he received his wares. When a sufficient amount had accumulated, he sent it to

a certain factory and in exchange obtained a coffin.

Mrs. Fancher's frugal soul refused to waste that burlap; only the one firm would accept it; the firm manufactured nothing but coffins; she must soon buy a coffin. Under such conditions only one course of action was possible for such a woman.

Jim Harrison, resentment in his heart and muttered oaths on his lips, packed the burlap in bales and sent it to the obliging firm. On the way home from the freight office, his wrath bubbled over and he told the story to the first person he met. By night, all the village laughed and scolded.

"I hope he'll get well," sputtered one indignant matron. "That awful woman! He's always been so generous with her and so patient and—and—Oh, I wish she'd die first and he'd bury her in that bargain coffin!"

"Why, mother," responded her son, reprovingly, "you know that any coffin that would fit poor Dick Fancher would be too short for his wife. They'd have to take a tuck in her or tie a knot. Think how cramped she'd feel, waiting for the Judgment."

"It's outrageous, sir," thundered Judge Bailey, emphasizing his words with angry wraps of his gold-headed cane, "Richard Fancher was a brave soldier and he has been a good citizen. That woman has made his approaching death a joke and a by-word. It's outrageous, I say!"

Speculation as to the time when the coffin would arrive ran high. Jim Harrison reported that Mrs. Fancher's mind was divided between anxiety lest her purchase should come too late to be of use and dread lest it should come too soon. Unconscious that the entire community shared her interest in the matter, she gave orders that the coffin should be brought to the house after dark and carried to the attic. Many times a day, Jim and the freight agent answered that it had not come; quite as often the doctor gave assurance that Mr. Fancher would probably live several weeks.

Even a dark cloudy night could not conceal the outlines of the long, rectangular object which was stealthily conveyed to the rear door of the Fancher house and smuggled up two flights of back stairs. One of the men who helped carry it told that Mrs. Fancher said they must be very careful not to injure the walls; but the more charitably disposed of her censors declared that there must be other exaggerations also. Within two hours the news and accompanying details had prevailed the village and had been telephoned to the surrounding farms.

Through days and nights of suffering Richard Fancher lingered, rallying occasionally. Several times he seemed so much stronger that the doctor felt justified in predicting his recovery. Though no one had ever wished his death, an intense desire that he should live now burned in the public heart. At last the fluctuating reports began to dull the interest of even the most tireless gossips and gradually the excitement subsided and the gruesome receptacle hidden under the rafters was almost forgotten.

One morning, long black streamers fluttered their message from Mrs. Fancher's front door. In the actual presence of death the well bred decorous and respectful refrained from mentioning the coffin which had so long waited in the attic above the dying man. What the majority of the townspeople said can be easily imagined, for human nature is everywhere the same.

But even Judge Bailey's dignified and solemn expression of regret relaxed into lines suspiciously suggestive of unholy joy when every one knew that Jim Harrison had telephoned to Mr. Fancher's successor, "It don't fit. She wants you to come right up and measure for another."

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FINANCIAL.

The report of the census of the Philippine Islands taken in 1903 states that there are 3,141 islands in the group having a total area of 115,026 square miles. That there are 80,000 square miles of forest lands growing 747 species of wood and valued at \$3,000,000. There are also valuable coal deposits, sufficient to supply a large part of the Pacific commerce in addition to that required for home consumption, and there are large deposits of iron ore.

Teaching Girls the Use of Money.

We remember hearing a man of high business reputation once say that he had found a great advantage in giving his daughters an allowance. It was gratifying to them. It taught them the use of money. And it taught them economy. For many things which they would not have hesitated to ask of him, they found they could do without when the money came out of their own pockets.

We have open to us here a subject of great importance. The young man, upon marriage, finds not infrequently that his wife has no knowledge whatever on the subject of money. Its purchasing power she is quite ignorant of. One dollar and five dollars are much the same to her. And whether she is living upon the scale of \$1,000 or \$5,000 a year, she has no idea. She knows, it may be, that she has been restricted in the past. But she has probably looked forward to marriage as the time when this restriction was to be removed. Then she should be independent and have what she wanted. Thus the husband is in a strait between two. He loves his wife, and is anxious to gratify her every desire. But he finds it will take all he can earn, and more too, to accomplish this. What the result is, many a history shows—often failure itself, and no end of unhappiness. Or, if success is finally attained, it is only after much bitter experience, and some of the best years of life wasted.

We insist upon one thing. The poor girl in this instance is but very partially to blame. Why should she have been kept always a baby in the matter of money? Why should she have been forced to grow up with no judgment, and no intelligent self-control on a subject so important? The parents are chiefly to blame for many such an unhappy history. And until they begin to apply the principles of reason, and to be willing to take some pains in the matter of educating their children, such cases may be expected often to occur.

The young girl should have her allowance at as early an age as the boy. By the time she is ten or twelve years old, she should be put, under the superintendence of her parents, in partial charge of her own expenses. Some portion of needed things she should be intrusted to buy. She should be taught how little money will do in these days; and how important it is to save, in order to accomplish any desired object.

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Pattern No. 5526.—This exceptionally attractive shirtwaist was developed in bleached pongee. A design in hand embroidery is worked in heavy silk on the space in front, but lace or any preferred mode of trimming may be used instead. Narrow tucks at each side of the front allow becoming fullness, while those at the back extend down to waist line at each side of the closing. Taffeta, linen, mohair and albatross will all make up effectively after this pattern. The medium size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

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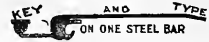
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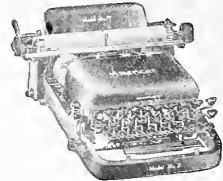
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Our Pattern Department

LADIES' COSTUME.



Patterns Nos. 5571 and 5389.—This charming toilette was constructed of tan-colored Henrietta combined with ecru lace. The waist closes in the back and a fitted lining serves as a support for the blouse, which is of lace. The outside portion is of the material, small buttons provide the decoration. The nine-gored skirt is a very stylish model which is laid in clusters of pleats and fits the hips smoothly. Silk, cashmere, nun's veiling, eolienne and broadcloth are all adaptable. The medium size will require 1 7/8 yards of 44-inch material for the waist and 5 3/4 yards for the skirt. Ladies' Waist No. 5571: Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Skirt in short or short round length waist. Sizes for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.

This pattern will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents. Address all orders to the Pattern Department of this paper. Be sure to give size and number of pattern wanted. For convenience, write your order on the following coupon:

No. 5571 and 5389.

SIZE.....

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A BATH-ROOM RUG.

Since the return of the rag carpet to popularity is prophesied, a suggestion for a bath-room rug made of rags is in order. Sew together dark blue and light blue rags, alternating them, of course, and when you have enough for the size of rug which you need, take them to a carpet-weaver and have him weave them up, using only white chain. Finish off the ends with a fringe of the white chain and you will have a cheap but very pretty and serviceable rug which can be washed and washed and always look nice.

"Then There Were Nine."

A Brooklyn Sunday school teacher once had occasion to catechise a new pupil whose ignorance of his Testament would have been amusing had it not been so appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were.

To her surprise, the lad answered, glibly enough: "Ten, ma'am."

"And now, Sammy, pleasantly asked the teacher, 'what would the result be if you should break one of them?'"

"Then there'd be nine!" triumphantly answered the youngster.—Woman's Home Companion

Pedro Alvarado, the multi-millionaire of Parral, Mexico, who began life as a day laborer in a mine at 50 cents a day, has renewed his offer to President Diaz to pay the public debt of that country. He recently made a strike of fabulous richness in one of his mines.

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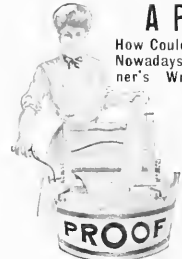
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SPECIAL OFFER No. 2 For 15c and 2 dress-maker's names we will send you, besides 2 dozen buttons of your choice, white linen, 1 beautiful hand crocheted button for your stock collar, made by a needle artist in pure silk, together with directions for making. State your choice of: White, Black, Turquoise, Sapphire, Lavender, Orange or Pink.

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Athletic

Salaries of Major League Base Ball Players.

As the managers of base ball teams are now signing their men for the coming season, it is interesting to note the large salaries which some of the best men receive.

Napoleon Lajoie, whose four-year contract with the Cleveclands expired recently, has just re-signed for the coming season for the largest salary it is said, paid to a player in the big leagues. The great player will draw between \$8,000 and \$10,000 for covering second base and managing the Cleveclands this year, and it is worth every cent of this amount, according to good base ball judges. In the National League, Barney Dreyfuss insists that Hans Wagner is the highest salaried player, as the big Dutchman receives more than \$7,000 for his services. It is generally believed that Mathewson, of the New York Nationals, gets close to this sum, while John McGraw's salary is said to be at least \$10,000.

The Author of "Hints to Golfers" and the President.

The following extract from an article in the January McClure's about President Roosevelt gives an account of how the President lost the championship in sparring to Niblick:

It was boxing, of all forms of sport, to which he devoted most of his attention in college, and in it he became very proficient. Good eyesight is important in sparring, for above everything else a man should be a good judge of distance. And yet Roosevelt excelled in this sport, reaching the first rank in his class.

It was about to decide the lightweight championship of Harvard. The heavy-weight and middle-weight championships had been awarded. The contest for the men under 140 pounds was on. Roosevelt, then a junior, had defeated seven men. A senior had as many victories to his credit. They were pitted against each other in the finals. The senior was quite a bit taller than Roosevelt, and his reach was longer. He also weighed more by six pounds, but Roosevelt was the quicker man on his feet, and knew more of the science of boxing. The first round was vigorously contested, Roosevelt closed in at the very outset. Because of his bad eyes he realized that in-fighting gave him his only chance to win. Blows were exchanged with lightning rapidity, and they were hard blows. Roosevelt drew first blood, but soon his own nose was bleeding. At the call of time, however, he got the decision for the round.

The senior had learned his lesson. Thereafter he would not permit Roosevelt to close in on him. With his longer reach, and aided by his antagonist's near-sightedness, he succeeded

in landing frequent blows. Roosevelt worked hard but to no avail. The round was awarded to the senior. In the third round the senior endeavored to pursue the same tactics, but with less success. The result of this round was a draw, and an extra round had to be sparred. Here superior weight and long reach began to tell, but Roosevelt boxed gamely to the end. Said his antagonist—now known by the pen-name of "Niblick": "I can see him now as he came in fiercely to the attack. But I kept him off taking no chances, and landing at long reach. I got the decisions; but Roosevelt was far more scientific. Given good eyes he would have defeated me easily."

The defeated man did not forget his conqueror. Many years after, when Mr. Roosevelt was governor of New York, the two met on a railroad train. Out went Mr. Roosevelt's hand, as he greeted his old antagonist heartily. After the usual inquiries as to health, the Governor suddenly asked:

"What are you doing for your country?"

"I'm not doing anything," said "Niblick," who had retired from active business. "I'm a good deal of a loafer."

"It's a shame," was Mr. Roosevelt's honest verdict. And "Niblick" says he meant it. He meant it, too, when as President of the United States, he addressed these words to the Harvard undergraduates last June:

"I shall not be suspected of a tendency unduly to minimize the importance of sport. I believe heartily in sport. I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games, or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. I have no sympathy with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton wool. But it is a bad thing for any college man to grow to regard sport as the serious business of life."

America's Representation in the Olympic Games.

It is definitely determined that America will be represented by her strongest team of athletes at the Olympic games to be held at Athens in the coming April. For the defraying of expenses, a sum of \$25,000 has already been raised and to some extent the athletes who are to take part have been selected. The team will be made up of the winners of the Intercollegiate Meet in the East, the winners of the Conference Meet at Chicago, the winners of the American championships at Portland, and other men who have made records in their events. Such a team would include the cream of the track athletes of the country and would make a creditable representation.

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ENORMOUS SALES OF "DAVID HARUM."

It was put on record at the final accounting of the estate of the late Edward Noyes Westcott at Syracuse, that the book "David Harum" had brought about \$125,000 to the heirs of the author. That represents sales of over 800,000 volumes—a circulation ranking the book with the Bible and the dictionary. Press agents reports are not to be relied upon, and official information of the sales of books are rare, for they would be greatly at variance with the true amount. Most of the "best sellers" last not more than six months, but for seven years the Westcott estate has been kept open to allow it to receive the benefit from the continuing sales.

TO DEVELOP CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

According to the statement of Prof. Behring, the celebrated German pathologist, at the Tuberculosis Congress in Paris in October, there is considerable ground for hope that within a year a cure will be forthcoming for the most destructive malady to which the human race is subject, the "White Plague." Professor Behring, who received a noble prize a year ago of \$10,000 for a previous discovery in therapeutics, believes that he has discovered a means of arresting the development of tuberculosis but he deems it inexpedient to reveal the precise nature of the remedial agent until it has been perfected and a demonstrated cure of the dread disease arrived at.

He would be entitled to a second prize of \$40,000 from the Noble fund and also to an income of 24,000 francs from the Prix Lecave reserved by the Paris Academy of Medicine for an indisputable cure for tuberculosis. There is also a report that a rich Brazilian has offered \$2,000,000 for such a discovery. If Professor Behring does find a cure he will be well rewarded in a monetary way, which has seldom been the case in medical research.

NEW NAMES IN TEMPLE OF FAME

Five names were added to the Temple of Fame of New York University in October. They are Lowell Whittier, General Sherman, James Madison and John Quincy Adams. The scheme provided that the one hundred judges should fill fifty of the 150 panels at the start, and five panels every five years thereafter. The person whose name is placed on a pane must have been American-born and have been dead at least ten years and 51 votes are required for each one chosen. Only 29 panels were filled in 1900, when the first vote, was taken, so that upon the second vote, this October, there remained to be filled 21 vacancies left over from 1900; and five more; 26 in all. Only five of these were filled.

It was apparent at the time of the first vote that there were foreign-born Americans whose names belonged on the tablets. A hall with thirty panels

was provided for them and another hall with sixty panels for famous American women both native and foreign born. In these new classes the names of Agassiz, Hamilton, and Paul Jones and Maria Mitchell, Mary Lyon; and Emily Chubbuck Johnson were chosen by this year's vote. The voting is all done by letter and as no name is chosen which is not contained in the lists of at least half of the qualified electors the process of choosing the names is not a simple one.

GIBSON WILL PAINT IN COLORS.

Charles Dana Gibson will soon go abroad to become a student again and work in colors. He will give up to a

large degree his work in black and white.

For twenty years his desire has been to be a portrait painter and at last he is in position to gratify this ambition. "I am satisfied that after three years or so I shall be able to see results," said Mr. Gibson. "I am going to Spain first, but I don't know where I shall settle. After a year in Spain I shall probably go for a year in Italy, and then to France or England, or perhaps to Holland."

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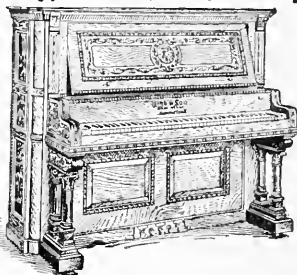
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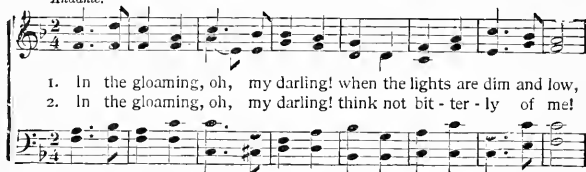
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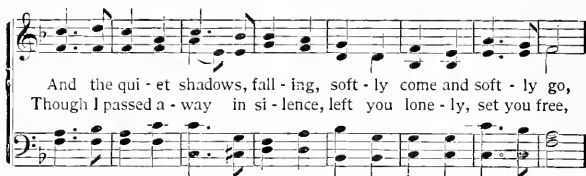
Music

In the Gloaming.

Andante.

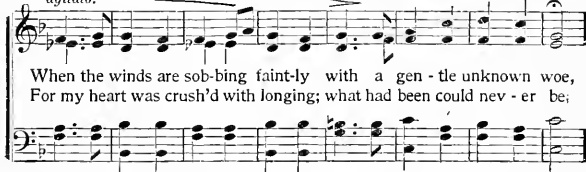


1. In the gloaming, oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloaming, oh, my darling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!

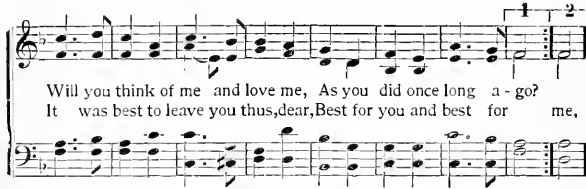


And the qui - et shadows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,
Though I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,

agitato.



When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle unknown woe,
For my heart was crush'd with longing; what had been could nev - er be;



Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for me,



It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

England Likes "The Breath of the Gods."

"The Breath of the Gods", the notable novel with a Japanese setting by Sidney McCall, author of "Truth Dexter," is attracting wide-spread attention in England. The London publishers have just called for another edition, and the critics are bestowing high praise on the book. Douglas Sladen,

in a lengthy review in The Queen, says, "The Breath of Gods' is one of the most remarkable novels of the year. Not only has the writer an intimate knowledge of Japan, but he has continued to breathe it into his pages till the book might very well be called 'The Breath of Japan.' It is not too much to say that 'The Breath of the Gods' is one of the most brilliant romances ever written about Japan. Little Yuki herself is a masterpiece."

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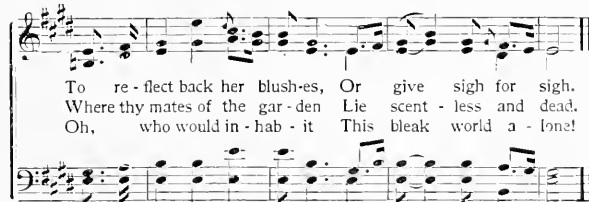
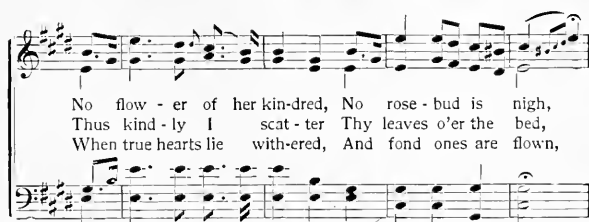
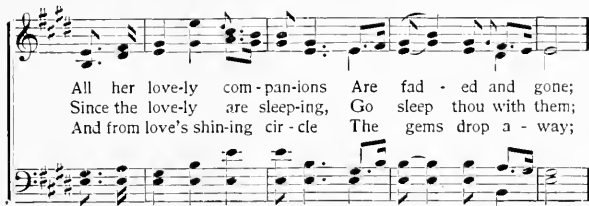
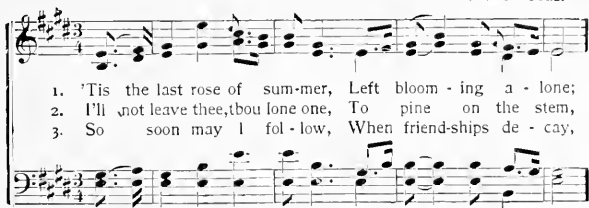
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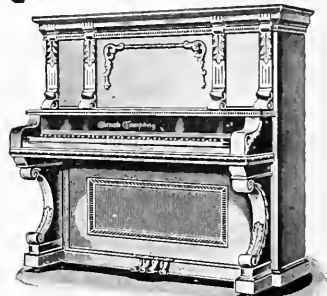


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The following is a most excellent and simple cure for bronchitis and kindred ailments. As soon as signs of an attack appear take a thin cloth twice the size of the surface you wish to cover, using it large or small as the severity of the case demands. Spread on half of it a thick layer of pure lard and over this sprinkle a generous dash of dry mustard. Fold the other half of

the cloth over and apply to the chest, covering it with a layer of cotton or cloth to absorb grease. Keep on till the cough is loosened; then remove the lard but keep on the cotton a few days longer. In connection with this use a simple cough syrup prescribed by a physician. This remedy can be used on the very youngest child as it does not smart.

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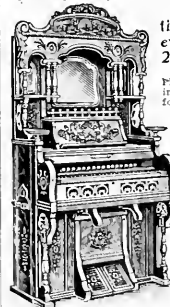


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Woman and the Home

Edited by Netta C. Anderson

RECIPES.

Three Salads.

Chicken Salad.—Take the skin and bones from two cold, boiled chickens, and put the meat in a chopping bowl; trim and wash one dozen celery stocks, put into the chopping bowl with the chicken and chop fine; rub the yolks of six hard boiled eggs very fine, season with half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of dry, powdered mustard, and stir into this the yolks of four raw eggs. Have half-pint of white vinegar boiling; put into this vinegar one-half pound of good butter; when melted, stir in the prepared eggs, and set the mixture aside to cool. If too stiff when cold add enough sweet cream to make it right. Mix thoroughly with the chicken and celery and keep it cool until ready to serve.

Nut and Celery Salad.—One cupful of English walnut meats; put in pan; add one slice of onion, a small blade of mace, and half a bay-leaf; pour over this one large cupful of boiling water and boil about ten minutes, or until the walnuts will blanch easily; drain and dry the meats in a towel and cut into small pieces; mix this with finely chopped celery and mayonnaise dressing. Form cups of lettuce leaves and serve the salad in these.

Salmon Salad.—From one can of salmon separate bones, skin and oil and break up into small pieces. Chop three large, cold boiled potatoes into dice, powder the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, season with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper; mix together and pour over all a dressing made as follows: Yolks of two eggs, one level teaspoonful of mustard, one level teaspoonful of salt, one fourth level teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one-half teaspoonful of the white of an egg, one-half pint of salad oil, two level tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one-half cupful of whipped cream. Mix the eggs, mustard, salt, pepper and white of an egg with a fork until smooth; stir in gradually, drop by drop, the half-pint of salad oil. When it begins to get very thick, put in a little lemon juice, alternating oil and lemon juice, beating all the time. Lastly, beat in the vinegar, little by little. Just before pouring over the salad to serve, add the whipped cream, folding it in. The whipped cream minimizes the taste of the oil. This is the recipe used at the World's Fair by the Alaska Packers' association.

THREE SALAD DRESSINGS.

No. 1.—Three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful each of sugar, flour, salt, mustard powder, one-half cup vinegar, pinch of pepper and three eggs. Add the flour to the melted butter, stir in the beaten eggs, then the salt, pepper, sugar and mustard. Add to this mixture slowly, stirring well, the boiling milk. Boil until thick, then add vinegar and stir again.

No. 2.—Boil together one-fourth cup of vinegar, one-fourth cup water, one-fourth cup butter, add one tablespoon mustard powder, teaspoon salt, tablespoon sugar, and a pinch of red pepper. Mix with cold water. Add beaten yolks two eggs, three tablespoons cream or one-fourth cup milk. Mix all well and cook until thick.

No. 3.—Boil together a half cupful of vinegar and a half cupful of water, add a beaten egg when partly cooled. Then mix in well one teaspoon sugar, one of ground mustard, one of corn starch, pinch of red pepper, one-half teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon butter. Boil slowly, stir constantly and thin down to required consistency, as it boils with vinegar. Beat with fork or spoon on removal from fire.

THREE APPETIZING SANDWICHES.

Salmon Sandwiches.—Turn out the contents of a can of salmon a couple of hours before it is to be used. Not more than half of it will be needed for your sandwiches, unless you wish to make an unusually large supply. Flake the fish fine with a fork, and stir into it mayonnaise dressing until you have a smooth paste. Add to this enough lemon juice to improve the flavor and give a zest to it, and salt to taste. Spread butter on the bread on the loaf, before you cut it, and put on it a layer of the salmon. Lay two slices of the bread together with one thickness of the salmon between them, and trim off the crust.

Sardine Sandwiches.—Take sardines from the box and free them from oil. Scrape off the skin and break them in bits with a fork. Work them to a paste with melted butter and lemon juice, add some very finely minced lettuce and the yolk of a hard boiled egg which has been rubbed fine. Mix thoroughly and spread upon thin bread and butter.

Ham Sandwich.—Run cold boiled ham through the grinder, or chopping machine, season with a little cayenne pepper and mustard, mix a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing and bread on buttered bread. The mayonnaise may be had, ready prepared, at the grocers, in small bottles. If the sandwich is to be rolled, cut the bread

very thin, take the crust off, roll, and fasten with a toothpick until settled into shape; then roll each sandwich in buttered paper, and the shape will hold.

SCRAPPLE.

Scrapple is a winter breakfast dish that deserves to be better known. Two pounds of lean fresh pork off the shoulder, stewed in three quarts of water till the meat falls from the bone. Lift out the meat, remove bone and gristle; mince the meat fine and return to the liquor in the kettle. Season with salt, dash of paprika, and a little sage. Thicken with corn meal like mush; turn into molds and when cold slice and fry brown. A little white flour added to the corn meal, makes it brown more quickly.

CARAMEL LAYER-CAKE.

For caramel layer-cake, cream one-half cup butter, add two cups sugar, one cup milk, three cups flour mixed with four teaspoons baking powder and whites of four eggs beaten stiff; then add one teaspoon vanilla. Bake in layers and put between and on top.

CARAMEL FROSTING.

Boil one and one-quarter cups brown sugar, one-quarter cup white sugar, one-quarter cup water and one-quarter teaspoon cream of tartar until mixture is nearly to the thread. Pour slowly on to the beaten whites of two eggs, beat until the mixture is nearly cool; then set in pan of boiling water and cook until mixtures becomes slightly granular around the edge of dish, stirring constantly. Remove from range and beat until mixture will hold its shape. Add one-half cup English walnut meats broken in pieces and flavor.

MASHED POTATOES, MILANAISE.

Boil the required number of potatoes until done, drain till they are perfectly dry; then mash with a fork until smooth and creamy, moistening during the mashing process with chicken stock. Season with salt and white pepper and add considerable whipped cream—enough to enable you to beat the potato with an egg beater. Put into a dish, smooth lightly, sprinkle grated Parmesan over the top and brown in a rather hot oven.

FORMULA FOR PNEUMONIA.

Onions chopped fine. Mix with vinegar, cayenne pepper and corn meal and stew in the vinegar. Place the ingredients in a cotton sack and place on the chest of the patient. Have another ready to put in place as soon as the first is cold. Keep the applications hot until the congestion is relieved.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Although it is the shortest month of the year, February is especially interesting to all classes of people since it contains such a number of religious, patriotic and superstitious festivals.

The church celebrates Septuagesima Sunday, Shrove Sunday and Ash Wednesday; the state has set aside as legal holidays the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln while our public schools also observe the natal day of Longfellow the children's friend. But the one festival which, perhaps more than any of these, interests old and young alike is St. Valentine's Day.

Time was when this festival was such an important one that everyone knew its origin; but that was ever so long ago and now in our time fact and tradition have so overlapped each other's boundary lines that we are not sure which of the different stories gives the true origin of the festival.

There is a French legend which says that once upon a time there lived a priest by the name of Valentine whose one great passion was his love for the children. As was natural, the children loved and trusted him in return and fairly flocked to him sure of always finding a sympathetic ear into which to pour their joys and sorrows. He played with them and soothed them and cuddled them and told them stories—was so kind and patient with them that his name became a household word revered and loved throughout the whole kingdom. From every part came the children to see him. His visitors at last became so numerous that he could no longer see them all, so he asked them to write to him instead and to these letters he wrote such sweet, loving replies that they were most highly treasured. By and by he died and in order that they might not forget him, it became custom for the children to celebrate good St. Valentine's birthday by writing little love-letters to each other. This story may satisfy the children but there is another legend which probably appeals more to older hearts. We give it in the words of another:

When the Emperor Claudius second of that name and one of the wickedest of Roman kings, reigned there was in a Greek temple a high priest, whose name was Valentine. He was a good man. Everybody loved him, and whenever he served at the altar the church was crowded. Plebeians and patricians, both rich and poor alike, young and old, were glad to receive his blessing. In the midst of this quiet and prosperity a great war arose outside of Rome, and the emperor ordered his men to crush the enemy.

The war lasted many years and the men grew weary of fighting. Many of the married men refused to leave their families; many of the younger men would not leave their sweethearts. When their ruler heard these complaints he became enraged and exclaimed that no more marriages should be made and all engagements must be broken. This was a great blow to many young men and women. But the

good priest Valentine promised to help them in their sorrows.

One day, in spite of his ruler's command, he united two young lovers, who came to the altar and confessed their love. When others heard what he had done they visited him for the same reason—and still more came until the priest was kept busy day and night. The emperor heard this and his temper got beyond control. He sent for one of his officers and exclaimed: "Go take that man Valentine and cast him into a dungeon. I will have no man in Rome who refuses to obey my commands."

The counselor of Claudius pleaded with him that Valentine had many and powerful friends and they would cause trouble should they rise. But Claudius refused to listen; the priest was taken while uniting two lovers at the altar and thrown in prison. Here he suffered and bore his sorrow in silence until he died. But his many friends did not forget him and each year on his birthday they met to discuss his life and deeds. Many were married on this day for they said, "In this way we shall best keep his memory green."

Various other legends are related as the origin of the festival but though we have forgotten its true origin, we surely have not yet ceased to celebrate the day as a glance in the shops or at the mail man's pack will testify. And who can guess how many pretty romances owe and will continue to owe their first beginning to St. Valentine.

This month is the housewife's golden opportunity to get a little before hand with the spring sewing. The wide-awake woman had taken advantage of the usual January sales and has laid in, as nearly as possible, a complete stock of all the muslin she will need throughout the year for sheets, pillow cases, underwear, etc. By so doing, she has practiced an appreciable economy since such goods can be bought quite a bit cheaper during January than at any other time during the year. Begin without delay to make up what articles and garments you will need, for housecleaning time and the season for planting the flower beds come only too soon and who can sew when the spring fever overtakes us.

Begin with the sheets and pillow cases. For ordinary use make them of good, unbleached muslin—two pair of such will outwear almost four pairs made of bleached muslin, and your laundress will certainly rise up and call you blessed for articles made of unbleached muslin are far easier to wash than those made of bleached muslin. To bleach muslin easily, dissolve the contents of a pound can of chloride of lime in enough water to soak the muslin. (Th's amount of lime is for forty yards of muslin.) Put the articles to soak, taking care to wet each through and through and let them stand over night. The following day wash them in the usual way and lay out on clean snow for several days. By making it a point to use these things frequently while it is still cold so they can be

washed and hung out to freeze often, you will find, when spring comes, that they are almost as snowy as though made of bleached muslin.

When the sheets and pillow cases are made, start in on the underwear. It is a saving of time and material if you cut out at one time all the garments you intend to make out of one piece of material. The children's waists and summer dresses should come next in order and by the time these are finished, the styles for the summer will be settled and your own clothes can be made. Leave the sewing in of buttons and the making of buttonholes for "pick-up work." Be diligent now and you will find that before you know it you are ahead of your work and will be free to enjoy the spring days when they do come, untroubled by thoughts of sewing which ought to be done.

SEVERAL USES FOR THE CHAMOIS SKIN.

Get away from the old laborious way of washing windows with cloths and soapy water and try this simple way.

You will be more than delighted with the result. We wring a chamois skin out of water softened with ammonia wipe off the pane, rinse out the chamois, wring it dry as possible, wipe the pane again and—that is all. No stopping over the wood work, the walls, the carpet, nor ourselves, no polishing, no lint in corners and no milky-looking nor streaked panes when we are through, but each glass as brilliant as glass can be made. And what a lot of time and energy is saved!

The same chamois skin does duty when the furniture becomes finger marked and dull. We make a good suds out of Ivory soap wring the chamois out of this and wipe off each piece of furniture, taking care not to touch the part that has been wiped till it is perfectly dry again, even the piano is treated in this way as the bath will not in the least injure it.

For the mirrors we keep a chamois skin which we use for no other purpose. To a small quantity of water we add some alcohol, wring the chamois out of this, wipe off the mirror and the result is a joy to her who has always known only the hard way of doing these necessary duties.

"Oil" in a Novel.

The latest contributor to the literature of "Oil" is Francis Newton Thorpe the author-lawyer, whose home is in Erie county, Pennsylvania, in the summer and autumn, and in New Jersey during the winter and spring. In "The Divining Rod" Mr. Thorpe has woven into fiction a vivid picture of the oil fields of Pennsylvania in their early days, dealing with the discovery, development and exploration of oil. Mr. Thorpe made a reputation for himself as a writer of Constitutional history before he entered the realm of fiction. He was formerly professor of that subject in the University of Pennsylvania.

Boys and Girls

Ruston, La., Jan. 16, 1906.—My dear Aunt Claire:—Enclosed is a story for the children's department. I wrote by myself. I am thirteen years old.

Lola Tims.

Kentucky Pioneers.

There were getting to be hard times in the little Kentucky settlement among the mountains. Mr. Clarke one of the settlers became dissatisfied, and as he had his wife and two children to support he began to look for a better place to live.

Rumors were then rife that Oregon was a fine place for pioneers. Mr. Clarke having naturally a roving disposition, decided with a few others, to go there.

They secured three wagons in which they packed their chatties, and while several of the men followed the wagons on horseback.

Traveling was hard work among the mountains and often trees had to be cut down, for the wagons to pass. Mr. Clarke's two little children, a boy and a girl, had been enjoying the journey but they soon wanted to get out and walk awhile. Mr. Clarke gave them leave, thinking they would follow the wagons closely.

About fifteen minutes later Mr. Clarke, thinking the children weary called them. He received no answer so he got out to put them back into the wagon, when to his consternation he did not see them, but off in the distance the men were galloping swiftly. One of them stopped and told Mr. Clarke that the children had run into a thicket near by, chasing a butterfly, when they heard a slight scuffle and saw a red blanket flying through the woods. Then they knew all. An Indian, while hunting, spied the party, and being alone, had hidden himself

in the thicket and kidnapped the children.

Mr. Clarke's face grew white with fear. He called to the other horsemen and leaving three of them to stay with the wagon took the others and started in pursuit of the Indian, but he knew they could not race with an Indian on horseback but he knew also the children could not go far without fatigue. Suddenly a twig snapped near by. Mr. Clarke and his companion dismounted and hitching their horses crept stealthily along. There between the trees they saw a streak of red, and they knew it was the Indian. They advanced cautiously and could hear the Indian urging the children on while they were sobbing bitterly. Mr. Clarke could stand it no longer, he rushed forward but at sight of him the Indian fled. Then they got their horses and went back to the wagons and were going happily along.

They had just descended the precipitous side of a hill when about ten Indians jumped up from the rocks and trees where they were concealed and attacked them. The whites defended themselves bravely, when a black kitten frightened by the noise jumped out of the wagon and took refuge under an Indian's blanket. The Indians being very superstitious, fled at the sight of the kitten, while the one the kitten had selected for its foster mother, nearly fainted away.

The travelers started on their way again, but never reached Oregon. They stopped at a border settlement of Kentucky and were contented. But let it suffice to say,

The children no more of the wagon got out.

"The Indians were never by a black kitten seen about."

Lola Tims.

The Old Missions of California.

Although an Englishman by birth, George Wharton James, owing to the years devoted to his researches and study, is better acquainted with the great Southwest than almost any native American. His books on "Indian Basketry," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," and "Indians of the Painted Region" have been widely read and his new volume "In and Out of the Old Missions of California" is said to be the best historical and topical account of the Franciscan Missions. Mr. James makes his headquarters in Pasadena, but with his prolonged visits among the Indians of the Southwest, his frequent lecture trips to various parts of the country and his occasional visits to his publishers in Boston make him a great trans-continental traveler. While preparing to write on the old missions of California, Mr. James se-

cured hundreds of photographs of the architecture, the interior decorations furniture, pulnits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. and the best of these, together with many taken expressly for the book by a Los Angeles photographer are reproduced.

Another Novel by Mr. Oppenheim.

Each successive book of E. Phillips Oppenheim finds an increased number of readers in this country. "The Master Mummer" is now in its sixth edition while "Mysterious Mr. Sabin" and "Anna the Adventuress" have each been reprinted four times, and "A Prince of Sinners" is in its fifth edition. Early in January Mr. Oppenheim's new novel "A Maker of History" will be published by Little, Brown & Co.

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Among the Books

Clifton Johnson Edits Fairy Tales.

Clifton Johnson, whose various books on New England and several countries of the Old World, illustrated by his own photographs have had a large circulation, this year stands sponsor for "The Oak-Tree Fairy Book." Mr. Johnson has always been interested in literature for children and latterly has edited a number of the classics for the school lists of leading publishers. This had led to a careful consideration of the needs of children and one result has been the version of the fairy tales now issued in the beautiful illustrated "Oak-Tree Fairy Book". These tales are the old favorites told simply and clearly without sentimentality and, especially, without savagery. "Why should the gory and horrors with which many of the old stories abound be perpetuated?" asks Mr. Johnson. "Certainly many children are the worse for these nightmares and no really good story depends on barbaric detail for its charm." Mr. Johnson was brought up on a small New England farm, and although he has wandered far away he continues to spend much of his time there, being convinced that he can have no better environment for his literary work.

A Ninety-Three-Year-Old Translator.

Mrs. Francis Alexander of Florence, Italy, who has translated from the Italian the more than one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends which comprise the volume entitled "Il Libro d' Ore," is in her 93 year. She was a great friend of Ruskin during the latter's stay in Florence and it was Ruskin who introduced to the world Mrs. Alexander's daughter

Miss Francesca Alexander as the author of "The Story of Ida". Since his death Miss Alexander has published a volume of versified Italian legends under the title, "The Hidden Servants" while her mother has been devoting part of her leisure to translating and engrossing the miracle stories and sacred legends, written by fathers of the church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mrs. Alexander's painstaking handwriting is as legible as typewriting.

Miss Waller Goes Abroad.

Mary E. Waller, the author of "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus'" has temporarily forsaken her Vermont mountain home for Europe. Although issued in the spring of 1904, the publishers of "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus'" report that it is now selling better than ever before having been printed nine times. A new edition of Miss Waller's story for the young, "A Daughter of the Rich", has been issued this fall by Little, Brown & Co.

A Successful First Novel.

Seldom has a first novel been so highly commended by the critics for its fidelity to real life as in the case of "The Ballingtons," by Frances Squire. A leading New York daily considers it "a wonderful true presentation of marriage under certain conditions and of the inevitable effect upon a woman's character." A second edition of "The Ballingtons" was immediately demanded. The author, whose real name is Frances B. Potter, a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota, is spending a year in Cambridge, England.

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The Sunny Side

John McCarthy, a husky, well-built man, was a conductor on the Newton Electric Railway. One day while running from Newton to Waltham he was very busy collecting fares, and by chance happened to ring only seventeen fares when there were eighteen people on the car.

A man who was looking at the cash register as John was ringing up the fares looked through the car and counted eighteen people. As John was going to the rear of the car this man said: "Haven't you made a mistake? There are eighteen people on this car and you have rung up only seventeen fares."

John paused a moment, surprised, and the other man asked, "What are you going to do?"

The conductor looked up and down the car and then replied: "One of them will have to get off."

Mark Twain says that during his days as a Mississippi pilot the worst boat on the river was the Stephen J. Hill. Natives never used her; strangers and tenderfeet were sometimes inveigled aboard. One afternoon a thick fog settled down and the Stephen J. Hill had to tie up to the bank for the night.

One of the passengers said to the captain: "It is too bad we are going to be late, captain." "We ain't going to be late," replied the captain. "But I thought," said the passenger, "we were going to tie up here all night." "So we are," answered the captain, "but that ain't going to make us late. We don't run so close to time as all that."

Keeping Cool.

"You read that six months old paper as if you enjoyed it."

"I am enjoying it. There's a freezing accident on every page."—Houston Post.

A lady from West Lemon, N. J., tells this story and vouches for its authenticity: The handsome young bachelor Mayor of the town was visiting officially the kindergarten department of one of the public schools, and was asked to "make a few remarks." After speaking appreciatively of the school, he said: "You may not know that I was a pupil in this same school not so very many years ago. I can say to you truthfully, my dear children that I would rather be in the place of the youngest boy in this room at this moment than Mayor of West Lemon." Then he sat down with a complacent feeling that he had acquitted himself rather well. To his surprise the principal was shaking with half-suppressed merriment and his assistants audibly tittering. Looking about for the cause his honor's eyes fell upon a charming girl teacher, suffused with blushes, holding in her lap "the youngest boy in the room." The Mayor protested his innocence, but his apologies didn't seem to relieve the embarrassment materially.

"Yep," snapped the politician, "I am going out among the farmers today, to a pumpkin show, or a donkey show, or something of that kind—not that I care for pumpkins or donkeys, but I want to show the people that I am one of them."

Literal Interpretation.

An army chaplain in our neighborhood was preaching to a congregation of Irish militiamen. The chaplain has a histrionic turn, and delivers his discourses with much vehemence. On this occasion he preached on the text, "Who will go up with me to Ramoth Gilead and conquer?" and after three repetitions, followed by a long pause, he was astonished to hear a voice answer, "Begob, thin, yer rivrence, if all thin cowardly thaves is hanging back I'll go wid ye meself."—Tatler

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